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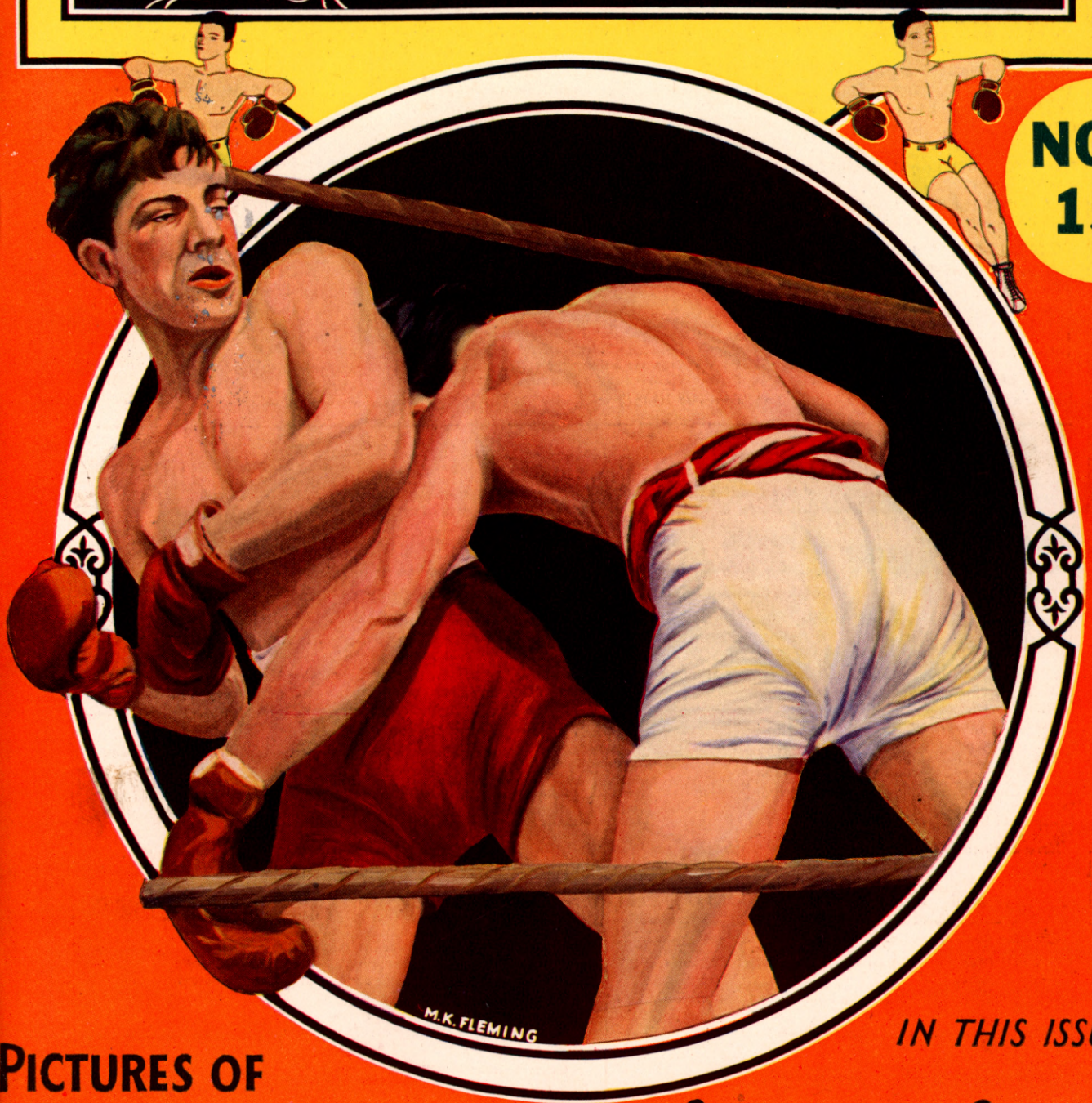

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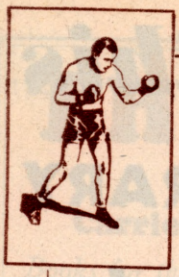

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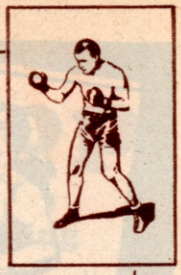

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In Next Issue

Daniel Mendoza, the great Jewish fighter who popularized boxing in Ireland. You'll like this story of a young Hebrew lad whose adventures in the Land of the Shamrock thrilled the sons of Erin.

The Schmeling-Sharkey aftermath. The air is still buzzing with discussions of the recent heavyweight championship fight. What is the fans' reaction? Daniel M. Daniel, just returned from a trip through the west, discusses it.

And Wilbur Wood, one of the nation's best boxing writers, writes about the "squawks" following heavyweight championship fights.

These, in addition to interesting stories by James J. Johnston of "How they got their start"; by Joe Humphreys on the tough spot that the referee occupies and up-to-the-minute comment by Nat Fleischer and current wrestling news and gossip by "Tex" Austin.

Watch for new features.

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Regular contributors—Frank Graham, Wilbur Wood, John L. (Ike) Dorgan, Jack Curley, "Tex" Austin, R. Gramlich, Charles F. Mathison, A. D. Phillips and Joe Humphreys.

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The RING in Its New Dress

THE international trend, the popular demand—both are for reduction of prices.

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In times like these it is no easy matter for a publisher to decline advertising. But, despite the depression and resultant decline in advertising revenues, the men who are responsible for this magazine have refused to swerve from their rigid policy of accepting no advertisement which a man could not let his growing son, or his young daughter, read.

THE publisher of THE RING is certain that even if he had not reduced the price to fifteen cents the many thousands of friends of this magazine would have stood by it. There is, for the follower of boxing and wrestling, no publication in the world that even approaches the class of THE RING.

This is said with no intent at braggadocio, or depreciation of competition. But it is an established fact that THE RING now stands alone. And with the reduction to fifteen cents the publisher feels that he will attract thousands of new readers, in addition to making a pleasant price concession to those who for years have given their steady patronage to THE RING.

For many months THE RING has been advocating reduction of prices for boxing and wrestling attractions. THE RING has held that the day of the twenty-five-dollar ringside seat has passed, and that the boxing and wrestling patron is entitled to the very best at prices that are logical in these times, and in keeping with the buying power of the country.

WITH this broad policy meeting with strong approval from its readers, THE RING felt that it had to get in line and cut its own price from twenty-five to fifteen cents. This reduction is made under no financial pressure. The circulation of THE RING has held up marvelously. The reader response has been strong and steady.

You will note that the reduction in price has been accompanied by no reduction in the class of this magazine. It remains unswerving in its loyalty to the sport and to its readers. And it remains steadfast in the maintenance of the standards of production it has achieved in typography and content.

You will note that THE RING now is printed entirely in rotogravure, a most modern and up to date process which permits of a more colorful presentation of pictures and other material.

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And remember—from now on, the price of THE RING is fifteen cents—the best fifteen cents worth in the history of making magazines devoted to sport.

Max Fleischer

Publisher and Editor

—And Now *for*

By Nat Fleischer

THE battle for the world's heavyweight championship between Jack Sharkey and Max Schmeling is over. The American, who was crowned king at the Garden Bowl in Long Island City on June 21, now wears the mantle left by such ring stalwarts as James J. Corbett, Jim Jeffries, John L. Sullivan, Freckled Bob Fitzsimmons, Jack Johnson, Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney. But whether the mantle will fit him, remains to be seen. Only Sharkey can prove that.

With the Schmeling-Sharkey fight out of the way, what now? The heavyweight division does not boast of any stars and with the exception of a return-engagement between the new title holder and the German, I doubt that the general public could be intrigued into filling an arena during these trying times as they did on the night of the recent championship tilt. Such a return bout is in order for more than one reason.

First and foremost, because the decision awarding the crown to the American was not unanimous. Not alone did one of the judges, the highly capable Charles F. Mathison, rule in favor of the defending champion, but the division of opinion among the 64,000 spectators was at least fifty-fifty while of the newspapermen, the ratio favoring Sharkey was about 70-30. Hence it seems only fair that Schmeling be given another opportunity to face Sharkey in the ring to settle once and for all time the matter of supremacy.

Then again, while the bout from the standpoint of attendance looked like a bloomer until four days before the fight, the turnout of almost a capacity crowd, that paid a total of more than $400,000, is an assurance that another match would prove most lucrative.

A happy reunion after the fight, Mrs. Sharkey and her victorious hubby

* * *

SHARKEY was awarded the verdict and with it all that a championship carries but, despite the fact that I had predicted that Sharkey would win in fifteen rounds and that I have been one of his most staunch supporters through his many years of ill-luck, I am among those who scored the bout in Herr Max's favor. My score card showed seven rounds for Schmeling, six for Sharkey and two even.

I gave Sharkey the first, second, fifth, sixth, seventh and fifteenth rounds and to Schmeling, the third, fourth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth and fourteenth sessions. Gunboat Smith, the referee, awarded seven rounds to Sharkey, the second, third, fifth, sixth, seventh, thirteenth and fifteenth and gave Max only three—the eighth, tenth and twelfth. Judge Kelly's count was 7 to 7 in the Gob's favor and Mathison's was 10 to 5 for Schmeling.

Of thirty-two scribes interviewed at the ringside, twenty-two gave the decision to the German and two called the bout even. Thus another battle in the long list in which Sharkey has been a participant, takes its place in the "unsatisfactory class," this, despite the fact that the contest itself, although shy of thrills, was well and keenly fought from start to finish.

The international controversy that has arisen as a result of the decision depriving Schmeling of the crown will die away in time and the game will continue as heretofore. Not everyone person who attended the fight thought, as did Joe Jacobs and many scribes, that an atrocious robbery had been committed.

In a way I am most pleased to see Sharkey attain the goal of his ambition even if there is a dispute about the merits of the verdict. It was a close fight with a hairline separating the pair at the finish according to my judgment, and so to me it seems hardly fair to complain at the verdict that has finally enabled the Boston Gob to cut loose from the jinx that had been pursuing him so long and given him, for once in his career, a break. Schmeling got the break in their previous battle; Dempsey received the break when the referee refused to acknowledge that Sharkey had been fouled after he had gained a big lead on the erstwhile Manassa Mauler. Sharkey has had his full share of the bad breaks even in his best fought battles, and for that reason I think the public should not be too hard on the new titleholder. He will make a good champion, in my opinion, and should receive the whole-hearted support he deserves.

* * *

AFTER all he didn't tell the judges and referee how to vote. He fought the battle that he had mapped out for himself and competent officials judged the points in his favor, two to one. As has been proven time and again, it is most difficult to obtain 100 percent on any verdict where the bout is so evenly fought as was this one.

Seldom has a championship been lost on so close a margin. In fact it seems an unwritten law not to deprive a titleholder of his crown when the bout is a close one. But I do not believe in following precedence. If in the opinion of the officials they thought Sharkey won, that verdict stands and no amount of arguing can change it. Certainly in this fight Sharkey was no more fortunate than was Schmeling in their previous bout and talk about the contest being fixed for Sharkey to win is pure bunk and nonsense.

Contrary to Sharkey's pre-battle statement, he neither knocked the German out nor did he outclass him. Sharkey, as was expected, came through with a big lead in the early rounds, only to have Schmeling cut into that lead as the fight progressed. Schmeling again proved that he is a long distance fighter and Sharkey conclusively proved that Schmeling is an exceptionally good exponent of the fistic art.

* * *

WHILE Sharkey now reigns supreme, Schmeling need not be discouraged. Of course he is heartbroken to think that he lost the title which he cherished, but the Schmeling of today will be invincible in another year if he throws aside idleness and engages in several fights. He is now by far the outstanding challenger, since Schaaf and Walker slipped.

a RETURN BOUT

Sharkey-Schmeling Engagement Looms as Only Big Attraction for Immediate Future—Schaaf and Walker Beaten by Poreda and Risko

Had Sharkey engaged Schmeling in a close range encounter instead of a boxing affair I doubt that he would have lasted the fifteen rounds. Every time he mixed it with Herr Max he found the German a willing fighter. Not once during the entire fifteen rounds did Schmeling back away. In fact he was the aggressor but in Sharkey he found an excellent counter fighter. Sharkey is the first heavyweight champion other than Gene Tunney to win a titular match by backing around the ring. But unlike Tunney, who did it in only one round to save himself from a knockout after that eventful "fourteen count" in Chicago, Sharkey did it throughout the fifteen sessions.

He is the first champion to be on the defensive practically from the start, yet, every time he was pressed he exchanged blow for blow with his opponent. In the final analysis, it was Jack's brain work that saved the day for him. After Schmeling had puffed his left eye and kept playing a tattoo on it in an effort to close it, Sharkey, instead of losing his head as he is wont to do, was the personification of calmness. In fact, he retained his calmness throughout.

* * *

FIGHTING with one eye almost shut from the eleventh round to the finish, he kept using a straight left with effect, thereby preventing Max from getting over his dangerous right more often than he did. It was that left that enabled Sharkey to triumph. When he found that he could keep Schmeling off balance, he smothered Max with a rat-tat-tat of lefts. And it was that continuous barrage of straight lefts that caught the eye of the referee and Judge Kelly to gain the decision for the Gob.

Schmeling did not show the 100 percent improvement that has been claimed for him. He missed a number of easy shots, just as did Sharkey. But he also connected often with jarring punches more often than did Sharkey, but not sufficient to upset the new titleholder. Sharkey's timing in most of the rounds was good, even after his eye was wounded.

Referring to the fact that Schmeling was the aggressor and that he "made" the fight, Sharkey declared that he purposely had Max come to him. That, he says, was the plan of battle he had finally decided upon. He wanted Schmeling to carry the fight to him and he depended on countering to offset that advantage.

As for Schmeling, I fear that by changing his style from a natural fighter to a boxer his mentors have made a grave error. Had Max been the natural fighter against Sharkey he would have retained his crown. Max can take a punch and can give one, and in a general exchange I doubt that any heavyweight of to-day is Schmeling's superior as a hitter. But in his fight with Sharkey he failed to land his Big Bertha with any effect.

By his victory Sharkey has earned the right to have his name inscribed under Tunney's on the Muldoon-Tunney trophy. Schmeling was denied that privilege by the committee in charge after he had won the title on a foul, the committee with William Muldoon at the head, ruling that no fighter who won his title on a foul deserved recognition as champion.

As for the charge that Joe Jacobs, manager of Schmeling, made over the radio that his man had been robbed with the knowledge of the boxing commission, Mr. Muldoon ridiculed that charge. He declared that had he been a judge he would have called the fight a draw but that the referee and judges were entitled to their opinion and that each was an honest, capable official.

To that statement all fair-minded critics will subscribe. The bout was honestly conducted and did not deserve to be classed as a "job" by the loser's manager.

And so the latest heavyweight championship battle has followed tradition by leaving a great disturbance in the wake. The present commotion will by degrees pass away and within half a year there will be started another great ballyhoo for the next heavyweight titular contest.

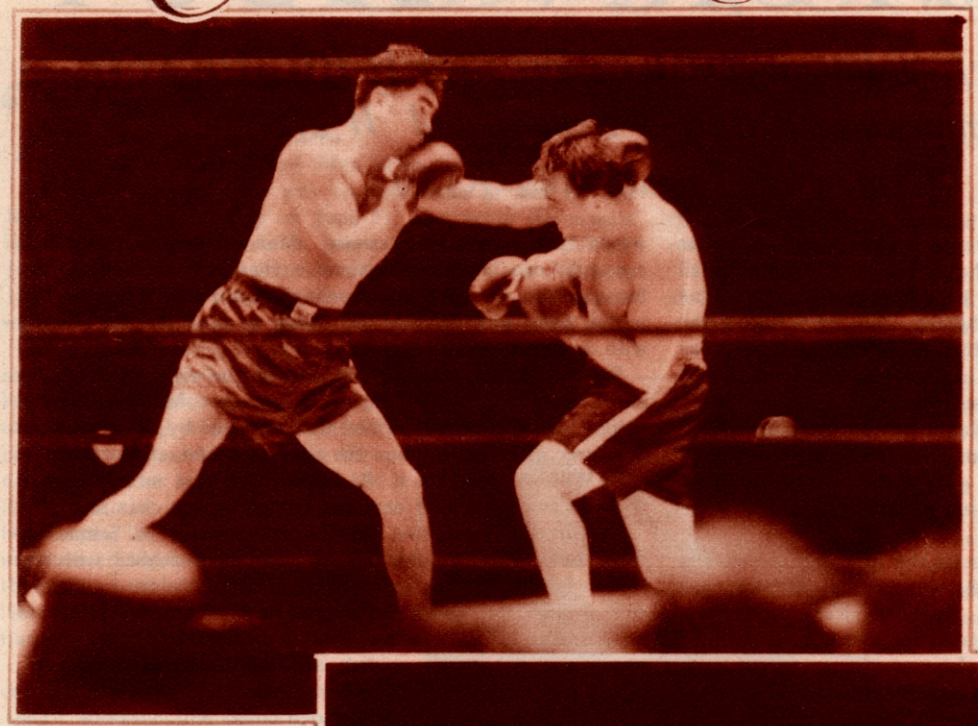
* * *

THE fight at the Garden Bowl did one thing for boxing that shares the spot-light with Sharkey's victory. It proved to the promoters what THE RING has preached since the boxing depression set in—that by giving the fans the kind of fight that will draw and cutting down the cost of admission to meet the recent status of most lovers of the sport, big gatherings and big gates would be the rule instead of the exception. When the Garden officials decided to share the profits with Mrs. William R. Hearst's Milk Fund, the first step taken by the Fund's representative, Damon Runyon, was to slash the prices of admission. Instead of having 10,000 seats at $2.30 and 10,000 at $5.75, he cut down the higher priced seats and added 20,000 additional seats at the lowest price and 9,000 to the $5.75 level and immediately the success of the bout was assured.

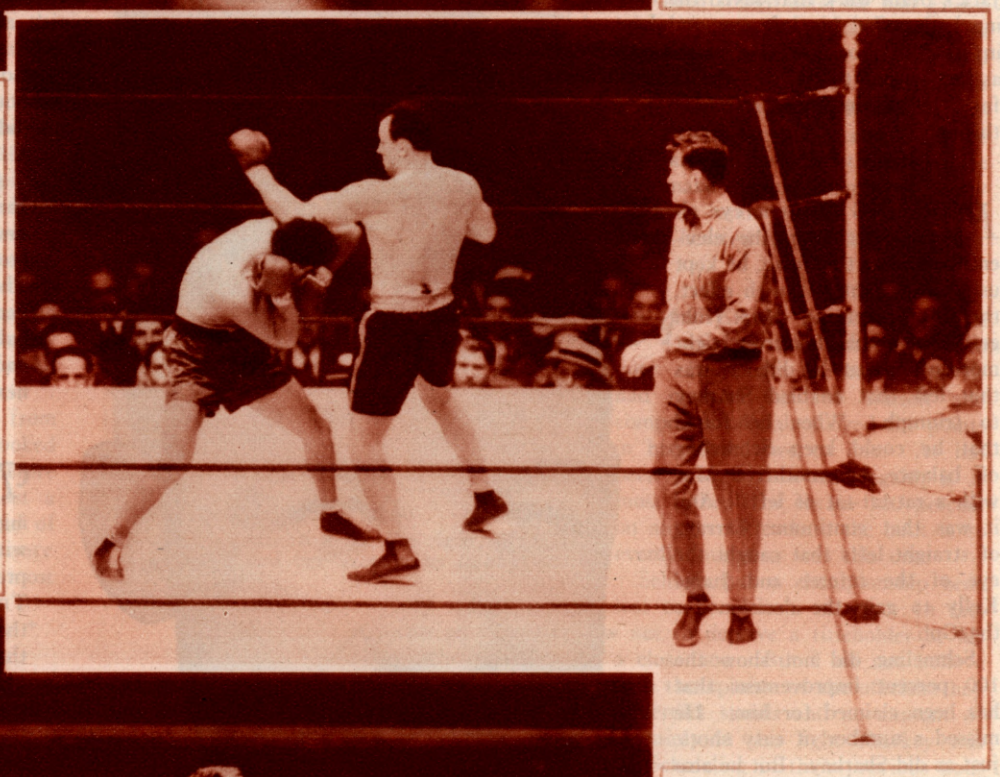
It was that cut that saved the day and enabled the Garden to have close to a sell-out instead of having a flop on its hands. That venture should remain a lesson to the Garden officials and other sports promoters. (*Continued on page 38*)

THE NEW TITLEHOLDER

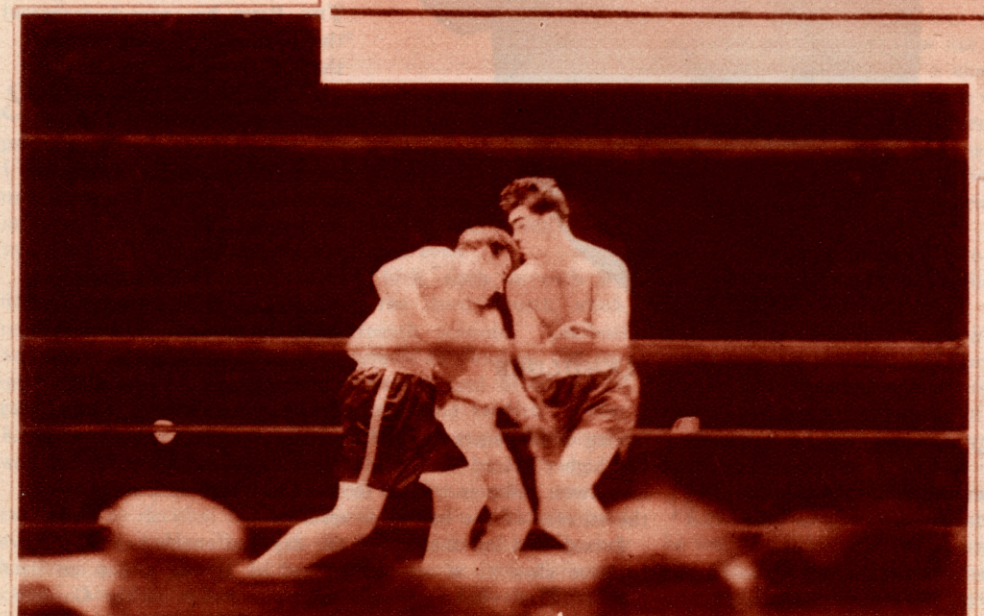
Crowning a New



Schmeling's left misses its mark and lands behind Sharkey's ear in the tenth round. Herr Max was not missing often in this session. His aim was fine

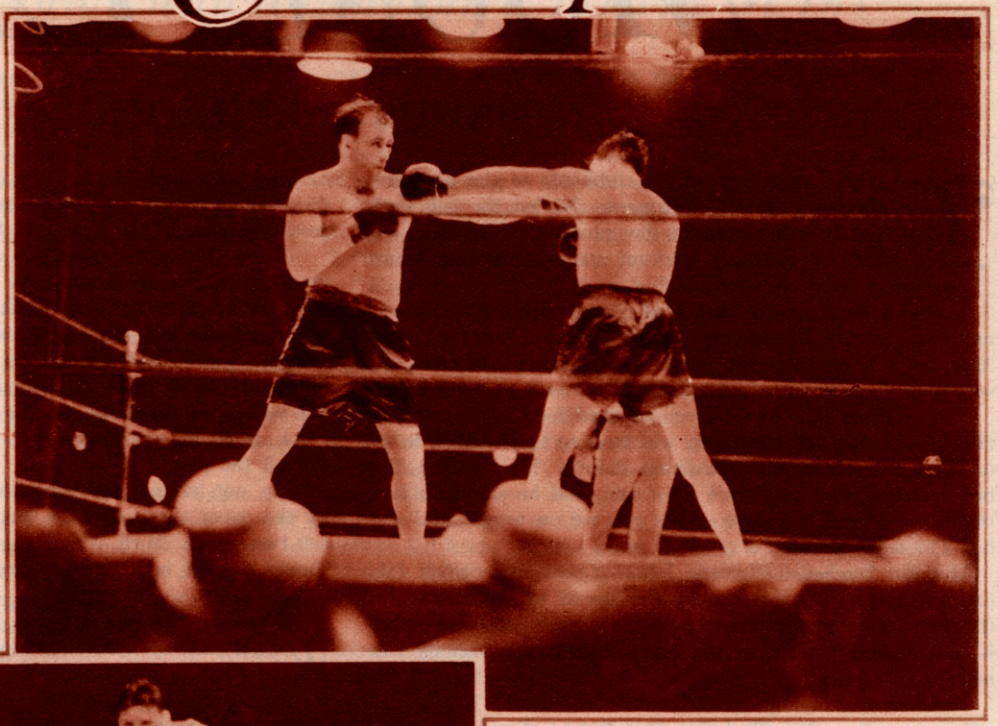


Sharkey attempts a left hook but finds his opponent cleverly under the punch. In the matter of boxing Jack showed at his best but he found in Schmeling his equal in that respect

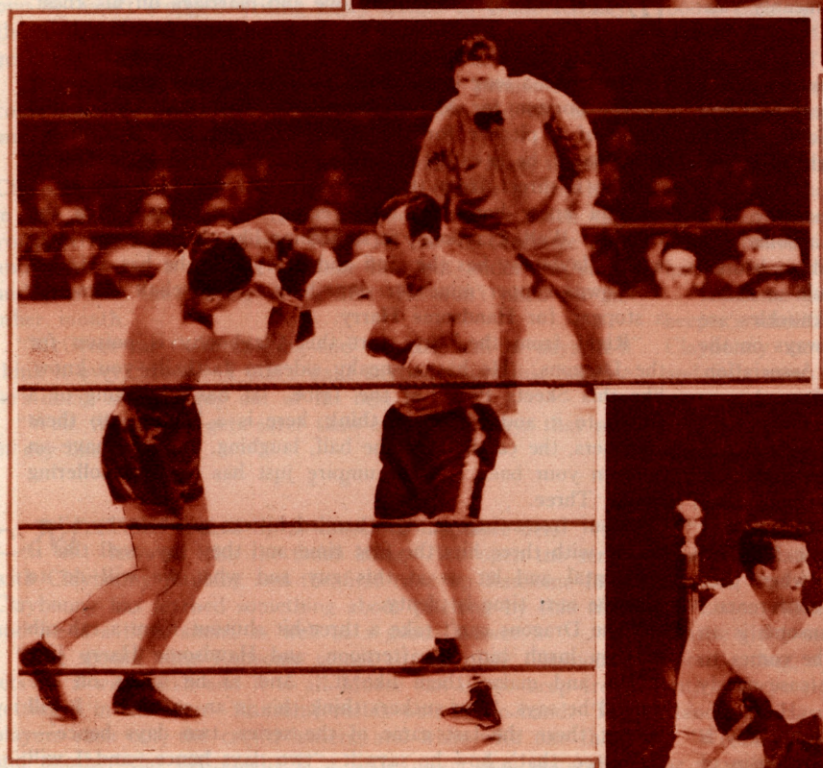


Schmeling covers up his mid-section as Sharkey attempts a body attack. Sharkey found Max's defense splendid. Few blows were able to get to the mark

World Champion



Measuring each other in the final round. Long range fighting seemed to be the plan of both men most of the evening



Sharkey crashes a hard right behind the ear that almost threw Herr Max off balance. Max retaliated soon after with a similar punch to Sharkey's ear

Johnny Buckley, Sharkey's manager, with outstretched arms, runs into ring to greet the new title holder. Tony Palozzola, one of Sharkey's trainers, beat Buckley to it. Al Lacey, chief trainer, is standing behind the ropes, patting the conqueror

The Moose Fans!

By Daniel M. Daniel

THEY were sitting in the clubhouse of the Blue Sox, playing hearts. A warm sun flooded the ball park, and it was eleven in the morning. The boys had had a brisk early workout and were resting before meeting the Bengals.

"Joe, I'd like to poke that bird Stover right in the nose," muttered Johnny Draley, centre fielder of the Sox, to Joseph Aloysius Vincent McCann, coach, campaigner and the best stealer of signs in the old league.

"Three times that bird Stover knocked me down yesterday. He's plain mean and somebody will have to teach him a lesson or there will be another Chapman case in this circuit. He's been pitching that bean ball all season, and he seems to have the whole league buffaloed. He's got me on weight and size, but I'm ready to take a crack at him."

McCann laughed. "Listen, Johnny, guys like Stover take care of themselves. Look down the line at all them bean ball throwers, and tell me one who had a decent finish. Baseball is not a mean game, and the man who plays it meanly cannot win."

McCann spat a huge plug into the sandbox. "Listen, I'll tell you a yarn that illustrates this thing. Ten years ago I am with the Dragons in this league. I am the great McCann in those days, hitting .350 and fielding like a Cobb. Well, okeh! Maybe not like a Cobb, but good enough to be up among the best. I am fast at that time.

"Well, in center field we have this Moose Ransome, 185 pounds, with a build like Dempsey. This here Ransome is a fighter. Before he went into baseball he was quite a bruiser around Boston, but he gets a charley horse or spavin or something and he can't go on fighting. It seems his knuckles are brittle. Anyways, while he is in baseball he is always on the lookout for a fight. He's still doing it out in the Association. Those guys never learn."

* * *

McCANN acquired a new plug and kept right on. They had moved out of the hearts game noiselessly and two others had taken their places. Jumbo Skirley soon got the queen and raised such a rumpus that McCann and Draley retreated to the steps of the clubhouse, where they sat in the pleasant sunshine and resumed their "conference."

"Well, let me see, where was I? Oh, yeah. Ransome is an old fighter and he looks for a battle every time he comes to the plate. If there is nothing wrong, which is the case nearly all the time, he finds some imaginary grievance.

"This hurler is throwing for his head, and this other guy is trying to steal his girl, and that third pitcher is a cousin of Hooks Skilling, whom Ransome beat out for the batting championship of the Southwestern League years before, and take it from Ransome, the cousin is trying to hang it on the Moose. Ransome could cook up more strange yarns than this here Frenchman I am reading, this De Moe Passent.

"Well, I'll have to get moving along with this story or we'll never get through in time for batting practice.

"Along about the time of this story Ransome is giving the rush to Mattie McGreer, the boss's daughter. You know McGreer. A tough old Irishman who was brought up in the tough old school. Nothing much to look at, McGreer. He's still managing the Dragons. But Mattie! Well, I used to think Lillian Russell is the most beautiful woman I ever see until I lamp Mattie. Jet black hair, brown eyes, and a saucy nose. And quick on the old reparty.

"Ransome goes daffy about Mattie, and she lets him rave. Ransome is getting about ten grand that year, and he is an easy spender, and Mattie sort of likes a good time. So, as they say in the movies, weeks went on and on, and Ransome getting daffier all the time. It hurts his hitting.

"Listen, Johnny. Never get daffy about women. You get that far away look in your eye and the first thing you know they are buzzing that third strike under your very nose while you are standing there thinking is her hair blacker than browner, and would she put up with a poor ball player's ten thousand dollar salary. Or maybe she sits near your dugout and while you are giving her the glad eye the umpire, the dirty crook, is giving you the works. Never get your mind or your eye off the play.

"I'm not saying you need this advice, Johnny, but I see by the paper that you have lost thirty points in hitting these last two weeks. Well, it's none of my business, but ball players should not get in love, and they certainly should not marry."

* * *

WITH this dissertation on love and marriage off his chest, McCann, who the Winter before had taken his third helpmate unto himself, acquired another chew and continued.

"To make a long story short, June saw a dark cloud appear on the horizon for Moose Ransome. The cloud was in the shape of a pitcher for the Bean Eaters, Harold Claybonny is his name, he is called Handsome Harry by the Bean Eaters, and he is direct from the University of San Jose.

"You know how fast this Ferrell comes along with the Indians. Well, Claybonny is something like that, almost. Only while Claybonny has the stuff and everything, he has a father who owns copper mines or something and baseball is merely a stopgap for Handsome Harry.

"Right from the very start this Claybonny is poison for the Dragons. He has a sneaky sidearm fastball—you know, like this Skeets Poter, of the Tribe. It has something of a sinker to it and when you think, here is a homer into them bleachers, the catcher has the ball, laughing, and you have an ache in your back and the umpire just has finished hollering Strike Three.

"Your free-swinging, right-handed hitters get beat by Claybonny with three hits the first time and they say, well this is accidental and let us at this guy and what we will do to him the next time is plenty.

"The Dragons can't take a three-hit shutout from a rah-rah so they insult him all afternoon, and Handsome Harry just laughs and makes them like it. And as he walks off the mound he says, 'You suckers think this is an accident. I will be out there the last game of the series, two days hence'—yes, siree, that's how he says it—'two days hence—and I will make you little boys like it even better.'"

McCann chuckled. "Well, Mattie is sitting in the McGreer box near our dugout and she hears all this, and well, this Claybonny has looks and polish. Ransome glares and Mattie laughs.

"In the fourth game of the series it is just like Claybonny predicts. He shuts out the Dragons with two hits this time, one a scratch that the official scorer should have called an error. Ransome strikes out four times that day, and does Handsome Harry give him the horse laugh!

"After the game Mattie contrives it. She is introduced to Claybonny and when Ransome comes along he finds them chatting like old friends. It seems Handsome Harry knows a lot of folks in Los Angeles which Mattie meets every Winter, and here they are like neighbors over the back fence on wash day when the Moose comes upon the scene—and he after having been fanned four times, and the papers already squawking

Ransome's Fight for a Girl Falls Foul of a Wheelbarrow, and Handsome Harry Wins

about Moose being in a bad slump.

"Would Mattie like to go to dinner with Moose? No, sorry, Mr. Ransome, but Mr. Claybonny has asked me to dinner. Well, it seems Claybonny had done nothing of the sort. But he is a good sport. He goes through with it. And they leave Moose standing right out on the street giving vent to language which not even Moose has heard before. He invents a lot of fancy cuss words on the spur of the occasion."

* * *

THE gang began to pour out of the clubhouse, making a lot of clatter as their cleats struck the concrete steps and the Blue Sox marched out for their batting practice.

"Of course, Ransome is burning up, and each day he gets worse. The gal, well, she is giving him the cold shoulder. The Moose is out of the picture.

"Things go from bad to worse, and the Moose is under .300 when we hit the park of the Bean Eaters for a series of four games. Our lead is cut to half a game, and old McGreer is not crazy about meeting up with this Claybonny again.

"Now, McGreer is a funny guy. He likes Claybonny, and he kicks himself for losing him, and right now I'll lay ten to one he hasn't stopped writing nasty letters to Dude Kirkley, the Dragon scout on the coast, for letting Handsome Harry get away from him. McGreer never forgets those things.

"But baseball, winning the game, winning pennants, those come first with McGreer, ahead of romance and his family and anything else in life.

"Ransome comes to McGreer with a spiel. 'Mac, this here Claybonny guy is due for a lesson. He throws at my head in our first series and I think somebody should teach that young, fresh squirt a lesson. Now, I'd like to challenge him, and if you say it's okeh, I'll take him out under the stand and give him the beating of his life. He won't pitch for another month.'

"McGreer sat there spitting and smoking and he says, 'I'll think it over, Moose. I don't want anybody hurt just because he's doing another guy out of his best girl.'

"Well, the Moose gets sorer than ever. Mac says that sort of dry like."

* * *

McCANN looked up at the clock in center field. "I'll have to rush the finish along. We open the series with Claybonny pitching and the first time up Ransome fans. Claybonny has learned something about pitching by this time and he is a little smart as well as a good thrower.

"The second time Ransome comes to the plate Claybonny lets go a wild pitch and it is all Moose can do to keep from getting it in the bean. Ransome rushes out, bat in hand. The players rush out, the crowd hollers, and what with one thing and another the excitement is a little more than somewhat hot.

"They are quieted down. When the Moose comes up a third time, still looking for his first hit off Handsome Harry, Claybonny shoots a fast one right near Moose's left ear. Ransome not only ducks but he does a Brodie into the dirt. This time he is more than merely angry. He dashes out and challenges Harry. 'You this and that, if you have any guts you will meet me under the grand stand right after the game.'

"Claybonny laughs. 'As you desire it, Mr. Ransome,' he says sweet-like. 'Is your insurance paid up? Have you any debts or business which needs attention? Do you say any prayers which might fit this occasion? In short, Moose, are you ready to go to the hospital? Or have you any choice as regards funeral parlors? They say Cantwell's is a fine, quiet place. They call me Jack of all trades and I can use my fists as well as the bat. You may as well be the experiment.'"

"WE are all out there after the game. Ransome and Claybonny are stripped to the waist. I am the chief second for Moose and Laughing Larry McHagen acts for Handsome Harry. Larry is a fighter himself before he goes into baseball. It's all according to the Marquist of Bloomsbury rules.

"Claybonny shows right from the start that he knows something about fighting. He knows how to feint, and he knows a lot about foot work.

"Ransome is one of them bull-like battlers, always rushing and swinging that left from the heels. Dangerous, powerful, pretty fast—but a man with venom, a bird with a grievance, a fighter poisoned by hate.

"In the first three minutes Claybonny makes Ransome look bad, very bad. The Moose is not liked so well and there is a sort of secret satisfaction even among the Dragons that he is getting a beating. The Bean Eaters are offering three to one, with no takers when the boys come out for round two.

"It is that way in the next six minutes of fighting. The college lad keeps pecking away with his left and he closes the Moose's right eye. The Moose's nose is running red. Handsome Harry looks like Dempsey blotting out a sparring partner.

"This goes on for some ten minutes altogether. Claybonny piles up points but he hasn't the punch to put Ransome down. The Moose is all cut up, his face and chest smeared wth blood and Handsome Harry is dancing around and bobbing and weaving and what have you. The Bean Eaters are in high glee, as we say in old Harvard.

"Well, then something happens. Ransome is murderous. The Moose rushes in and kicks Claybonny. The Bean Eaters rush in to maul the Moose and the Dragons crash in to maul the Bean Eaters and the next thing you know there are thirty different fights and fists are flying faster than straw hats in September when the Babe makes a couple of homers.

"Ransome doesn't hurt Claybonny. But there is a ground keeper's wheelbarrow right near the scene of the disaster. As Claybonny moves out of the mob he hits the wheelbarrow and falls over, striking his head against one of the stand supports and passing out.

"Into this mob rushes Mattie McGreer. The boys quiet down and then we see Claybonny lying there like he has been hit with a bung starter. There is blood running from a cut in his head.

"Mattie bends over Handsome Harry and calls for hot water and cold water and bandages and a couple of trainers and doctors, and then she turns on Ransome.

"Listen, when a dame is sore, she can say things. This Mattie girl is sorer than somewhat. She calls Ransome a murderer, a thug, a hoodlum, a cutthroat—and there is the Moose with one eye closed and blood all over, and he never even hits Handsome Harry.

"Well, Mattie takes Claybonny to the McGreer home, where he stays the rest of the series.

* * *

"THEY live out in California now and Harry writes me he has a boy who is going to be a whale of a lefthander. Harry is in the copper mine business or something, and owns a couple of railroads.

"So, you see, by getting fresh, Ransome lost the girl and the next Winter he gets himself a release to the Association because nobody but McCann notices that Claybonny is knocked out by a wheelbarrow and not by the vicious Moose.

"So, I say, Johnny, the best moral is not to get too funny.

"Now, this here Stover—if he really does knock you down—well, a McCann never advised anybody to back water. But make sure there is neither a girl nor a wheelbarrow in the case."

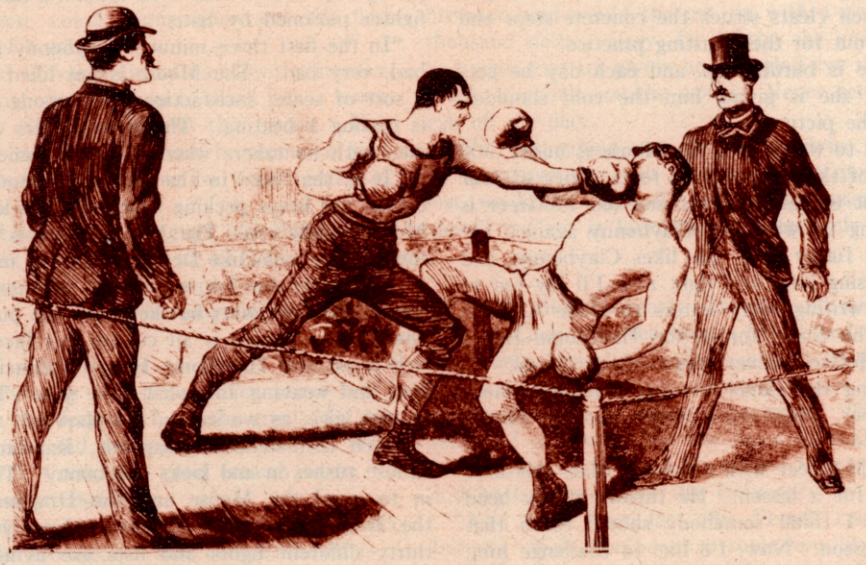
And so they descended the clubhouse steps slowly, with Johnny deciding to win Miss Agnes Hayes on his own merits.

When Grandpa

THE good old days." You've often heard that remark made by some old timer during a discussion involving the present crop of fighters and those "when grandpa was a kid." The legalization of boxing has brought many innovations into the sport and has done away with the rough-and-tumble tactics of half a century ago. Boxing to-day is cleaner, better conducted than the vicious pugilism of days gone by, yet we must admit, after going through the files of the *Police Gazette* of sixty years ago, now in possession of Nat Fleischer, and the *Police News* of that same period, that there was far more reason for excitement then than now.

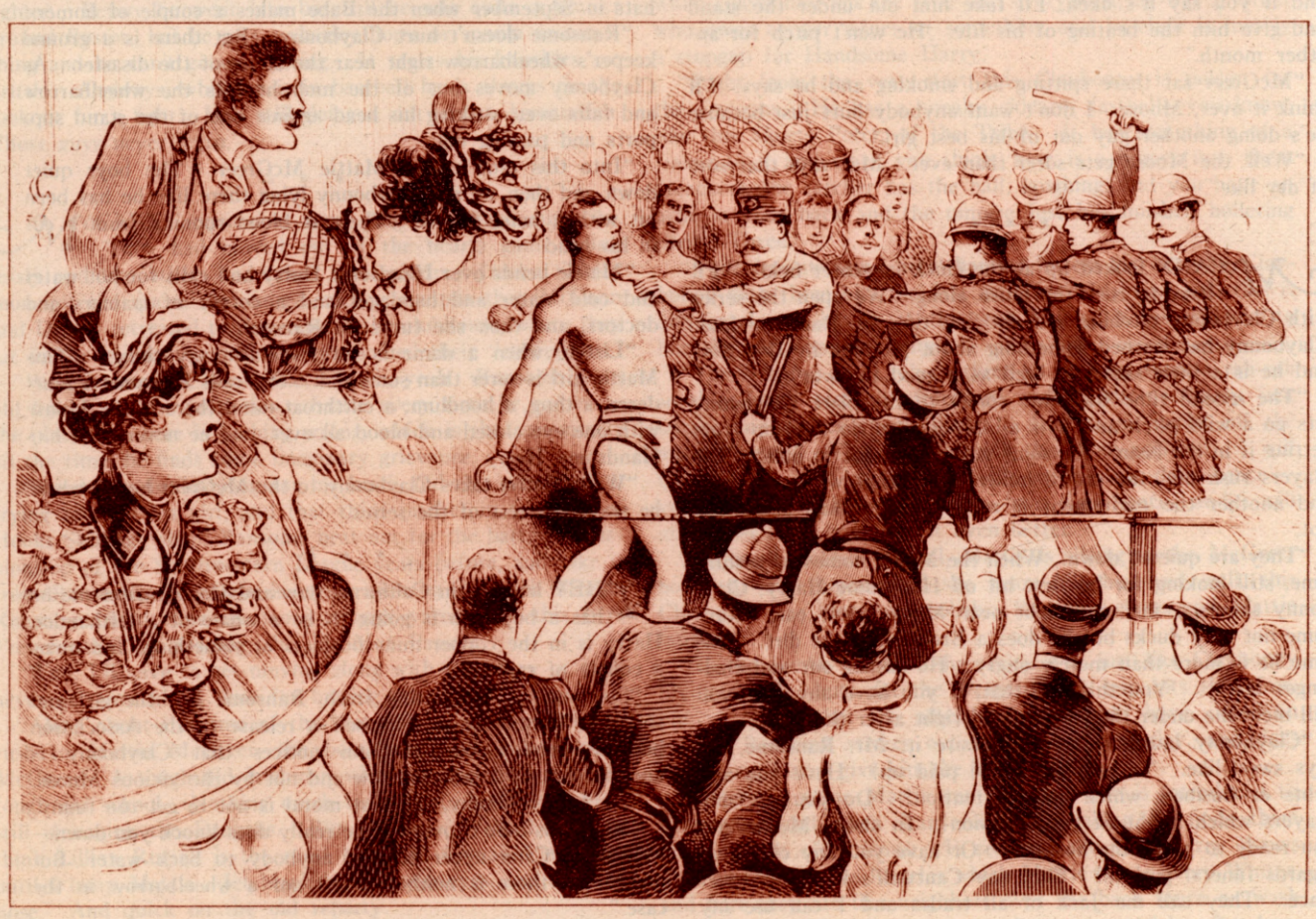
With the police always on the trail, raids, the use of bludgeons, the brutal finish fights and the cutting skin-tight gloves—there was interest aplenty in the fight game. And then the women—God bless them—what a thrill they got out of the private club contests or the specially arranged parlor bouts! Yes, Hector, "them were the days," make no mistake about that.

Let us take a peep into the misty past and look into the pages of *Police Gazette* and the famous *Boston Police News* and see the sights that no longer are possible to view. The artists of those publications, the greatest in American sports history, knew how to portray the news. They were masters in the art and some of the scenes they depicted for the readers of grandpa's period, are reproduced here for the benefit of the present generation.



Elliott knocked out by Sullivan

First, Hector, let us take a peep at the "Charge of the Peelers." In the days before Boxing Commissions ruled the sport, the greatest pleasure a fight fan derived from a mill, was in avoiding the police. The artist depicts an exciting race on



An exciting moment in a private mill. The police interfere

Was a KID

BY OLIN DAVIS

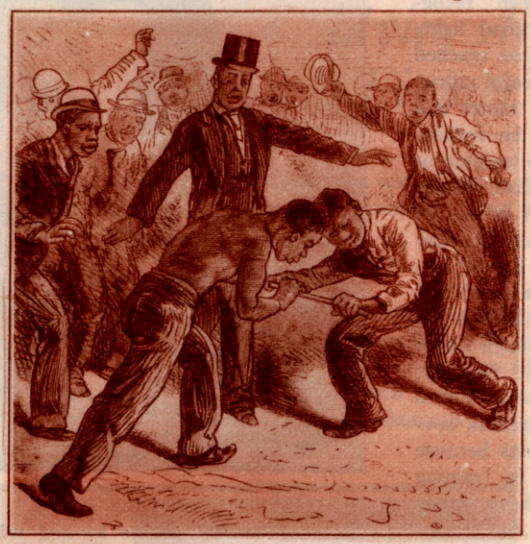
the Coney Island Road, Brooklyn, N. Y., between the mounted bluecoats and the "sports" attending the Murray-Green prize fight. Note how a barrel has been thrown in front of the first horse to check the chase. Grandpa tells us that on many occasions he felt the arm of the police or his club when a raid on a fight was in progress.

* * *

THAT brings us to the second drawing which shows the minions of the law in action at a fight between two Negroes in the Old Academy of Music in New York City. Just as the guests, including many women, were comfortably seated and awaiting the start of action, the bluecoats got into action with their bludgeons. "Several heads were cracked and a few ribs were broken," says the report of the affair, but no arrests were made other than of the principals."

You've read in past issues of THE RING of the famous "purring" contests in the mine regions of the far west, in which shins were torn by spikes fixed to the soles of the contestants' shoes. You've also read of the "billygoat vs. pugilist" fights and the whiskey barrel contests. But look at the artist's illustration of the novel "butting" bout.

Butting for the Championship. Joe Adams defeated in San Francisco by George Washington Briggs. Human billy-goats in a cracking four-round contest



Ma Tompkins saved her husband by grabbing the "Adam's apple" of his opponent, thereby scoring a knockout

Down South and out in San Francisco in the early seventies, "butting" matches were almost as frequent as were prize fights. Here is an illustration of a fight for the Mississippi championship, held in a secluded part of the state, free from police molestation. Joe Adams and George Washington Briggs were the contestants and Adams won by stunning his rival into insensibility in four rounds of three minutes each. The human billy goats, holding a heavy stick between them, cracked away at each other's skull until one caved in.

Not only did the fighters in the old days hide from the police, but often they found it necessary to seek protection from infuriated women folk. In Pittsburgh in the late sixties, there was a bewhiskered fighter, Hank Tompkins who fought frequently in the bar-room halls. But on each occasion he posted a sentry to guard against an attack by his wife who was opposed to his "profession."

On May 9, 1869, Tompkins was matched with Billy Franks for the championship of Pittsburgh and a side bet of $50. There was considerable betting on the affair, but in the fourth round, Ma Tompkins knocked out the sentry, got into the bar-room, leaped into the ring, grabbed her husband with one arm and laid his antagonist low by gaining a firm grip on his Adams's Apple much to the amusement of the "sports."

And then we see an artist's illustration of the famous fight between John L. Sullivan and Jimmy Elliott. The Boston Strong Boy celebrated Fourth of July, 1882, by vanquishing his tough opponent in three rounds in New York City. Note how the seconds were dressed in those days.

Elliott was one of the roughest, toughest fighters of the bare-knuckle period, a gangster, much on the racketeering type of the present bootleg kings. He used unfair methods in all of his fights. In his battle with Sullivan, which took place at Madison Square Garden after the Boston Strong Boy had returned from Mississippi City where he had conquered Paddy Ryan for the American championship, Elliott tried the old trick of dropping on one knee in an effort to get Sullivan to foul him, but his ruse didn't succeed. Sullivan, instead, battered Elliott about the ring for two rounds and landed the haymaker in the third.

In that bout they used gloves to get away from police interference, the bout being advertised as an exhibition.

The Charge of the Peelers. Exciting race on the Coney Island road between the mounted police and the sports attending the Murray-Greene prize-fight

CLEAR-HEADED

THE value of a clear-headed second in a boxing contest, has always been recognized by good fighters. A fighter who has reached the top is most careful about the selection of his trainer and his second, because he realizes that poor handling in training or in actual ring combat, means certain defeat. That is one of the reasons why Jack Sharkey insists on having Al Lacey, former Olympic amateur coach and trainer, take charge of him for all big contests. Although Lacey and Johnny Buckley, manager of Sharkey, do not speak to each other and have engaged in several hot verbal contests because of their differences in training methods, yet Sharkey insists that Lacey must be his trainer regardless of Buckley's attitude.

Tom O'Rourke, as he looked when he handled the affairs of George Dixon and Joe Walcott

The value of a clear, cool-headed, quick-thinking second has been demonstrated on many occasions in recent fights. The most notable case is that of Buckley when he placed himself in front of Sharkey as the Bostonian was about to leap over the ropes in the Carnera bout at Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, and thereby saved Sharkey from losing the bout and also throwing away a fortune by ruining his ring career.

Those who witnessed that affair will recollect that after Sharkey had downed Carnera twice, the Italian, to save himself from further punishment, went down without being hit. Gunboat Smith, the referee, continued the count over Carnera just as if he had been down all the time, and Sharkey protested the proceedings vigorously. He insisted that Carnera had disqualified himself, but Smith refused to award such a verdict and ordered Sharkey to continue. Whereupon Sharkey leaped to the ropes to clear them and leave the ring, only to be bumped back by Buckley's bay window. Had Buckley not used quick judgment, Sharkey would have lost the chance to get the return battle with Schmeling.

What happened in that bout has taken place often. There have been many occasions in recent years when men like Doc Bagley, Dan Morgan, Jimmy Deforest, Sol Gold, Whitey Bimstein, Jack Hurley and others of that school have saved their men from defeat through good seconding.

* * *

BUT what has been seen along that line in recent years doesn't compare to the episodes of the past, when, during the Horton Law days in New York and the golden fight days in California, the greatest seconds and trainers in the history of American pugilism were in the field. Willie Lewis, who at one time was one of the best middleweights in America, recently, in discussing his famous fight with Sailor Burke which resulted in a double knockout, declared that were it not for exceptionally fine seconding, he would have been unmercifully beaten by Burke.

Lewis had been knocked down several times by heavy right-hand swings, yet he showed no inclination to refrain from "trading wallops" with Burke until one of his seconds, who had kept his mouth closed up to that point, exclaimed, while Lewis was in his corner:

"Cut out that swinging for the jaw! Stall for a round or two, and then as Burke keeps on coming to you step in quietly with a left hook for the jaw!"

Lewis obeyed these instructions to the letter and finally landed a hook on the point of the chin that knocked all the fight out of Burke. Then they slugged some more and both crashed their rights against the jaw at the same time and both went down to the canvas. Referee Billy Joh started the count over each and as he reached seven, Lewis got up and won the fight when Burke was counted out. Then Lewis collapsed. But for the cool-headed advice of his second, Lewis would have run chances of being put away himself, and after the bout, his handler received distinct praise.

* * *

A SHREWD, quick-witted handler who knows how to instruct his man at a critical moment, is always an important factor in a pugilist's success. If he can see at a glance the strong and weak points of an opponent it is often the case that the fighter in his care wins because of superior generalship.

Tom O'Rourke, veteran promoter, manager, club owner and second, who handled the late George Dixon and Joe Walcott in nearly all of their battles, enabled Tom Sharkey to defeat Kid McCoy at the old Lenox A. C. because of his knowledge of pugilism and quick perception. Tommy Ryan had been instructing Sharkey in the art of scientific boxing and was allowed to go into his corner as chief second, with O'Rourke in the background.

"Stand up and box with him, Tom," said Ryan as Sharkey went out to begin the fight. "Show the crowd how clever you are."

Sharkey tried to box with the nimble McCoy, but was so clumsy that the spectators laughed until their sides ached. McCoy simply feinted him into knots and then in the second round he knocked Sharkey down twice in rapid succession. That was enough for the shrewd, quick-thinking O'Rourke, who brushed Ryan aside as Sharkey came back to his corner and said:

"Tom, you can't box at all. Go in and fight as hard as you know how. Rush the Kid to the ropes and keep on punching at close quarters until you drop him."

Sharkey rushed to the centre of the ring then like a bulldog and cut loose such a fierce assault that McCoy, repeatedly cornered, was finally slugged to the floor and was counted out.

Thus Tom O'Rourke, one of America's greatest handlers of fighters, saved the day for Sharkey.

* * *

IN addition to a knowledge of ring tactics, a competent second must be able to revive a pugilist during the minute's rest, so that he can send his man out again comparatively fresh when the gong sounds. Encouragement counts for much and sometimes the use of stimulants at the proper moment and skill in patching up bruises turn the tide.

First class seconds can reduce a swollen eye, ear, nose or mouth, can stop the flow of blood from gashes and are also able to strengthen the breathing apparatus by artificial means, but serious injuries are comparatively few nowadays because of the big gloves worn by the fighters and the caution

SECONDS

By JIMMY JOHNSTON

(Promoter of Madison Square Garden and former manager of world-famous boxers)

Their Cool Judgment and Sound Advice Are Great Aids to a Fighter's Success

taken by referees who work under strict supervision of a boxing commission and its medical advisers.

The late Sam Fitzpatrick was always regarded as an expert handler. He was in Kid Lavigne's corner when the lightweight champion beat Joe Walcott at Maspeth in 1895. Both men were cut to ribbons. Lavinge's left ear was practically knocked off in the early rounds, but Fitzpatrick with the use of caustic and adhesive plasters patched it up so well that he stopped the flow of blood and thereby saved much of the Kid's vitality.

The late Spider Kelly of San Francisco was regarded by followers of pugilism on the Coast as the greatest of all seconds. He was a quick thinker and very active during a mill. He was also a clever judge of human nature, jollying one pugilist or scoring another unmercifully, as the case might have warranted.

He advised Jeffries, Sharkey and many other noted pugilists in important battles. They tell a story in California how Kelly one night was behind a fighter who was getting a severe beating in nearly every round. The man appeared to be on the verge of a collapse and Kelly worked like a beaver in the corner to save him.

In the next round just as Kelly's man was reeling against the ropes, an excellent mark for a knockout blow, Spider jumped into the ring and, grabbing his fighter around the neck, cried:

"The clock has stopped, referee. The clock has stopped."

Hostilities ceased then and there and everybody looked at the automatic time-keeper, which, sure enough, had ceased to click. At first the referee was on the point of declaring against Kelly's pugilist, but on second thought he decided to wait until the clock could be started again.

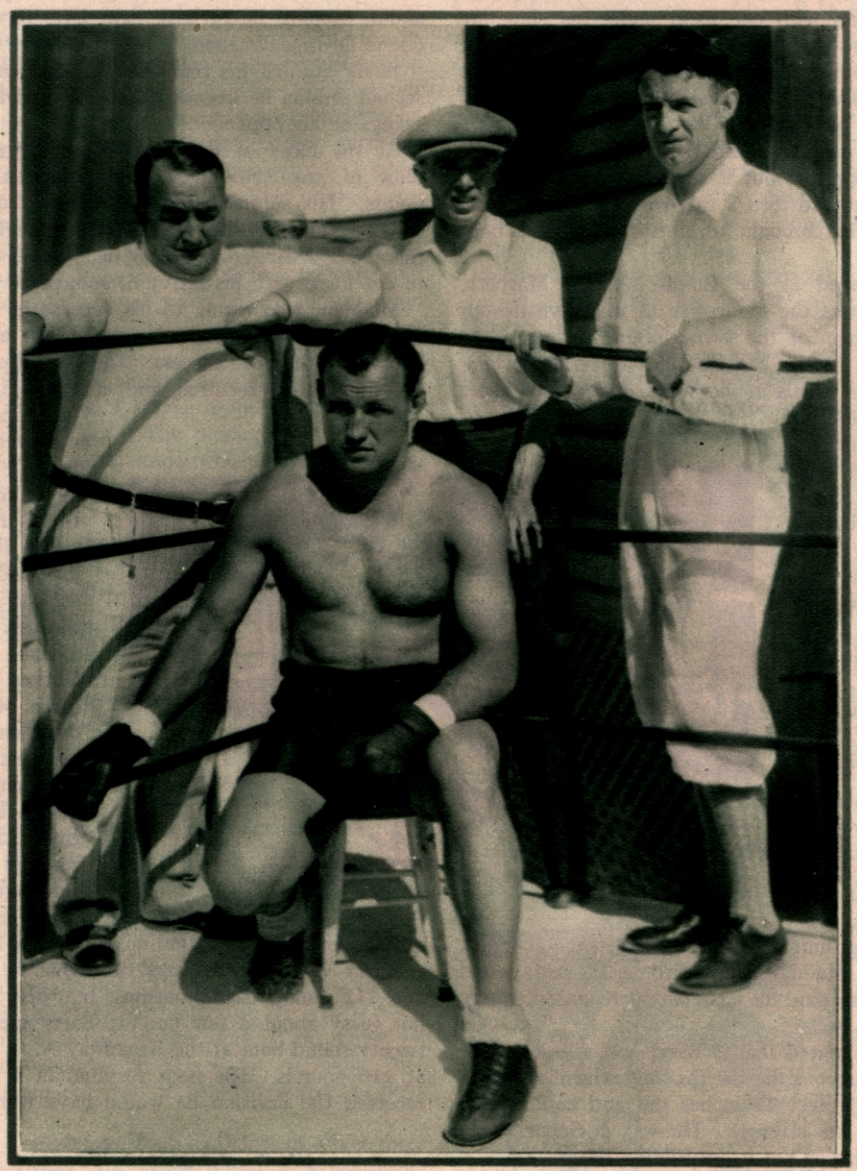
When that had been accomplished Kelly had succeeded in reviving his man so well that he was able to hold his own in the remaining rounds and also get a draw. Kelly, it seemed, was the only man in the building who noticed that the mechanical timer was out of order, and his quick observation in that respect undoubtedly saved his man from certain defeat.

* * *

ANOTHER famous handler in the past was Joe Choynski, who now is a physical culture director and referee in Ohio. He saved Bob Fitzsimmons from a knockout at the hands of Peter Maher the first time they met at New Orleans. It was in the first round that Fitzsimmons received a terrific punch on the jaw which sent him to the floor practically knocked out. Choynski, however, took in this critical situation at a glance and as he hopped into the ring he purposely kicked the gong, prematurely ending the round. Then he worked over Fitz with such vigor that the Cornishman came up for the second round as fresh as the proverbial daisy. Fitzsimmons finally jabbed Maher into complete subjection, but it was really Choynski who won the fight for him.

Choynski was in Jack McAuliffe's corner on one occasion and was shocked when the lightweight champion asked for a bottle of beer between rounds. He had never seen a fighter drink beer during a mill before and he told McAuliffe that he was making a serious error, but McAuliffe was headstrong and al-

(*Continued on page 36*)



The temperamental Jack Sharkey and his manager and seconds—(Left to right)—Johnny Buckley, Tony Palozzola and Al Lacey

Unusual

Jack Madden Turned a Cartwheel, Loughran Walked Dazed Across the Ring; O'Brien's Head Rested in a Pail of Saw Dust; Jim Stewart was Balanced Across the Top Rope

BOXERS who have received knockout blows have performed queer acrobatic feats. When Jess Willard hit Soldier Kearns a right uppercut on the chin in the eighth round of a bout in New York City, December 27, 1912, the Soldier fell on the ropes and hung there like a wet dish-rag.

Kid McCoy hit Peter Maher on the jaw in the fifth round of a bout at Coney Island, January 1, 1900. The Irish champion fell on his side and with one hand under his chin, lay there gazing like a cherub while the referee counted ten over him. Maher was so comfortable that he did not wish to be disturbed and he complained loudly when his seconds shook him and helped him to his corner.

Other boxers have executed remarkable feats after the receipt of the punch soporific, but it remained for Jack Madden, a New York bantam, to turn a cart-wheel after receiving a thump on the head that brought to an abrupt close a bout with Jimmy Barry.

The contest was staged at the Empire A. C., Maspeth, October 21, 1895, and was the outgrowth of much vociferous argumentation on the part of the two bantams.

Barry had laid claim to the bantam title by reason of numerous victories over his rivals in the West, and when Casper Leon questioned the validity of the Chicagoan's claim a match was made which was fought at Lamont, Ill., September 15, 1894. The battle was contested with skin gloves, the terms calling for a finish fight and the weight was 112 pounds.

Barry stopped Leon in the twenty-eighth round and rightly regarded this victory as clinching his title of bantam champion of America.

* * *

BUT about this time there arose an argument over the question of weight, Madden and his friends insisting that the limit of the class was, through usage, 105 pounds. Therefore, Madden claimed to be the 105 pound champion of America, and said he was content to permit Barry to hold the 112 pound honors.

However, Madden intimated that if Barry was able to make 105 pounds he could have a battle for the crown at those figures. Madden stood 4 feet 11 inches tall and could make 100 pounds and retain his strength. He was a clever boxer and a good ring general, but not a destructive hitter.

Barry stood 5 feet 2 inches tall, his legs being very short and slender, but the upper part of his body was like a middleweight's. He was a miniature Fitzsimmons. His arms were long and muscular and his chest measurement remarkable for a boy of his size. Barry was not a clever boxer, but he was a cool, heady fighter and his punches had triphammer force.

Barry accepted Madden's challenge with celerity and came East at once to train. On the night set for the contest Barry scaled a trifle below 105 pounds, much to the chagrin of the Maddenites, who were confident the Chicagoan would have difficulty in making the weight. Furthermore, Barry seemed vigorous and active and in condition to do his best.

The bout drew a large crowd to the Maspeth arena and there was considerable betting, with Barry a 9 to 10 favorite.

There was plenty of Madden money in sight, as it was predicted Madden would win by his cleverness, despite the fact that Casper Leon's science had availed nothing against the combativeness and hitting power of the red-headed chap from the Windy City.

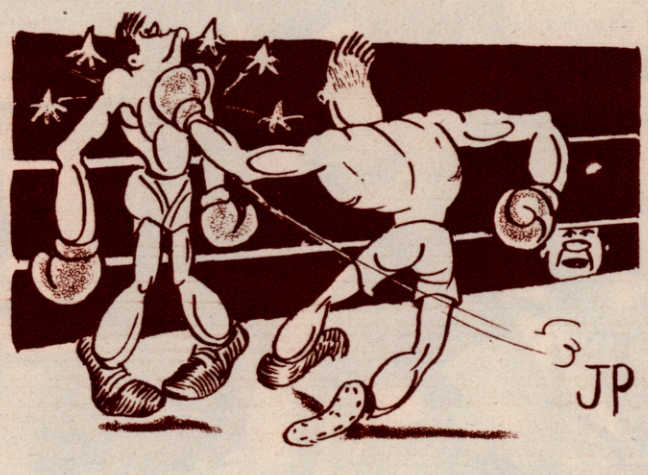
* * *

WHEN the men entered the ring and squared off for the first round Madden, using all his speed and skill, danced about, tapping Barry with light lefts to the face and keeping out of hitting distance.

Barry studied his man for the first round and then in the second session he began to hook wicked lefts and savage right swings at his opponent.

At the close of the third round Barry had not landed a blow of any consequence and Madden had scored all the points. His supporters were jubilant and offered even money on their man. When Barry came out for the fourth round there was a dangerous glitter in his blue eyes and he prepared to cut loose with his heavy armament.

Madden, who owing to his success in the preceding rounds had become over-confident, danced in and out, jabbing and hooking with great success. The New Yorker then decided to do still greater execution, and, stepping in, let fly a left for the face and unhooked a right for the body. The left reached Barry's face, but the right never got as far as the mark, for Barry unloosed a right smash that crossed Madden's left and landed on the left side of Madden's head above the ear.



The effect on the New Yorker was spectacular. The force of the blow sent him over on his right shoulder, his feet performing a complete circle, so that when he finally landed he lay on his right side, where he was counted out. Madden was completely stunned by the blow on the head and required considerable attention before he recovered.

Barry ventured the suggestion that he could claim the 105 and 112 pound championships, but just to show that he was not fussy about a few pounds Barry met Sammy Kelly in a twenty round bout at the Broadway A. C. on January 30, 1897, at 116 pounds. The bout resulted in a draw, but had Kelly received the decision he would have won the bantam title.

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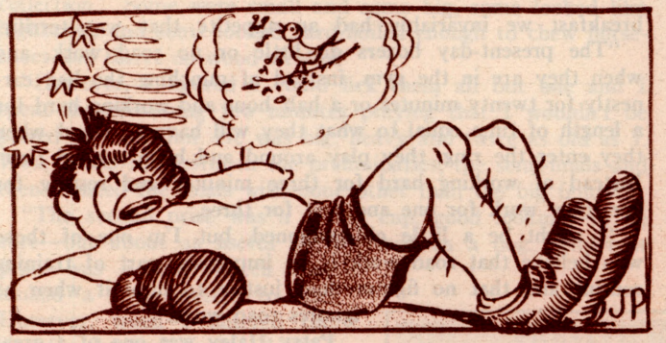
THERE are many cases of peculiar knockouts. About three years ago Jose Lombardo, Panamaian featherweight, assumed a most unconventional pose when he was knocked

Knockouts

By CHARLEY HARVEY



out by Louis Kid Kaplan in the Garden of New York. The Panama fighter was knocked through the ropes between the strands with the bottom rope locked under his knees, that alone preventing him from going out on the concrete. In that position he remained while he was counted out.

Another remarkable position taken by a fighter who was knocked out, was that in which Jim Stewart, a giant heavyweight of two decades ago, found himself when he fought Jim Barry at the old Palace A. C. in 1908. In the fourth round Barry connected with a stinging right to the chin and put Stewart to sleep. It did even more than that—it landed Jim on the top rope like a sack of flour and there he lay, perfectly balanced, while the referee counted over him.

So delicately was he balanced, that even the referee, Jim Bagley, was amazed and would have helped Jim, had not the rules prevented him from doing so. The crowd expected that Jim would tumble from his lofty position at any moment and all hands were considerably relieved when the count was completed and Stewart was carried to his corner. He remained unconscious for almost half an hour.

Soldier Kearns figured in a second peculiar knockout the night that he fought One Round Davis, a 210 pounder at the Fairmount A. C. of New York. The Soldier, who could hit with the force of the kick of a mule, crashed two beautiful right hand wallops to Davis' chin. Davis went over backward so hard that his feet flew up to where his head had been a moment before and had not the ropes protected him, he would probably have suffered a broken neck. But his knees rested against the top rope, and there he remained, unconscious, while being counted out. Billy Joh was the referee in that contest.

* * *

DAN MORGAN, who handled the affairs of Knockout Brown, tells a story about Brown's fight with Kid Goodman back in 1910, in which Brown clouted the Kid so hard that he dropped his hands at his side and through some peculiar movement, he became so entangled in the ropes that he stood helpless while Brown landed the deciding punch to the chin. That punch put Goodman into dreamland, yet he was on his feet while the fatal ten was tolled off. He could not fall because of his position against the ropes.

Those who saw the fight between Philadelphia Jack O'Brien and Stanley Ketchel at the old Pioneer Club well remember the peculiar position of O'Brien in the final seconds of that fight. Ketchel hit Jack so hard that he fell backward, his head landing in a pail of saw dust. Were it not for the fact that the bell sounded at the count of eight, Jack would have been counted out, for he couldn't budge, so helpless was he.

And still another strange knockout was that in which both Willie Lewis, now a referee, and Sailor Burke, now the owner of a taxi stand in Brooklyn, were the principals. Each connected with a telling punch at the same time, and both went down. Referee Joh started to count over Lewis with one hand and Burke with the other. At seven, Lewis staggered to his feet while Burke remained down and Willie won the fight by a knockout, although immediately after gaining the verdict, he fell again to the canvas.

Then there was the knockout of Tommy Loughran by Jack Sharkey in which Tommy, after being hit on the temple, was unconscious to his surroundings and walked along the side of the ropes asking for a place to sit down. He was escorted to his corner and the fight was awarded to Sharkey on a knockout.

Also the fight between Al Singer and Jimmy McLarnin, in which Singer, knocked to the canvas, tried repeatedly to raise himself while rubbing his neck but couldn't get his muscles to coordinate and was counted out. Another in which Singer figured was the bout with Battalino in which Al tried to run out of the ring after being knocked down.

* * *

MANY famous knockouts have been recorded in recent years and to tell of each peculiar one, would take more pages than are printed in this magazine.

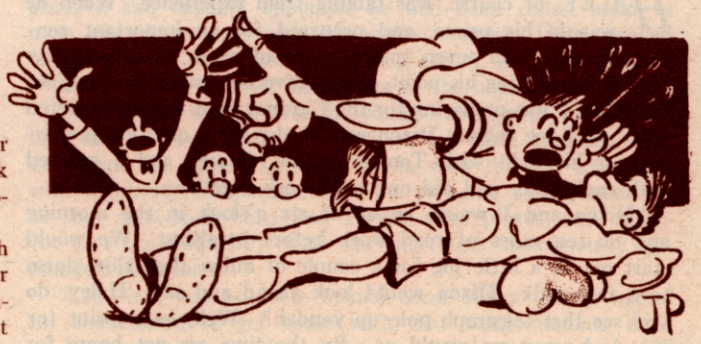
A number of years ago two fights took place that have seldom been equalled for short finishes. One was fought at Carson City, Nev., March 17, 1897, as a preliminary to the historic Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. The contestants were Dal Hawkins and Martin Flaherty of Lowell. They were in the pink of condition, and the spectators looked forward to a great battle, as both men were among the leading lightweights in the country at that time.

When the gong rang they rushed at each other. Hawkins crossed a right the first crack out of the box and copped Flaherty on the point of the jaw. He went to the floor with a thud and the referee began counting. The count was finished before Flaherty came to. The knockout punch was delivered in less than four seconds after the first bell rang. That battle goes on record as one of the shortest in the history of the prize ring.

Another fight that is still often spoken of as the shortest on record was fought at Buffalo, N. Y., between Maxey Haugh and Tommy Kelly, the "Harlem Spider." Haugh was neither clever nor a good ring general, nor anything else, but he had a wallop like the kick of a government mule.

The men ran at each other and Haugh uppercut the Spider on the jaw. He went down and was counted out. The timekeeper's stop watch showed that the finishing punch was delivered in a fraction less than six seconds after the fight began.

Another was back in 1907, up at Port Jervis, New York, where a fight was staged at a place called Hickory Grove between a Negro, George Nevins and a white boy, Billy O'Brien, tutored by Tom Sharkey. With the clang of the gong, the Negro leaped from his corner, swung his right and raised O'Brien off the floor. Billy fel backwards and landed with his head out of the ring. While in this position, and one leg caught in the ropes, he was counted out.



PATSY HALEY

By Joe Humphreys

IN the reception room of Madison Square Garden recently the subject of training received considerable attention from a flock of newspapermen who had just returned from Max Schmeling's camp at Kingston, where the king of the heavyweights was preparing for his fight with Jack Sharkey. A discussion was started in-re the proper methods of training for so important a battle, the discussion getting under way as a result of the failure of the champion to include in his daily workouts, road work. Schmeling never goes on the road. He doesn't believe in it. Golf is his substitute. One of the writers was telling the boys who had not visited the camp what a great spot it was for road work.

"What good is that to Schmeling," remarked one of the listeners. "He never goes out on the road."

Patsy Haley, dapper and efficient little referee, was among those present and, in a most surprised tone, he said:

"No road work? Why there isn't a fighter, no matter how good he might appear, who can afford to neglect that part of his training."

"Well, Patsy," replied Jimmy Johnston, "you don't apparently realize that you're behind the times. You'll soon be telling us that the boys of to-day are far inferior to those of your time."

"No, Jimmy, I'm not of that type. I know that the game has advanced and with it the boxers, but there's one thing you can't take from us, the fact that we knew how to train and made a thorough job of it."

Patsy Haley as he looks to-day

"Yes, that's the trouble. You made too good a job of it. You punished yourself too much and that's why the boys of to-day last longer as a rule than those of your school."

"I don't agree on that point," snapped back Patsy. "Go through the list of the fellows of your time and mine and you'll find they fought four times as many times as do our present day stars and often went 20 or more rounds, yet they kept in the field as top notchers as long as do the average boys of this era. In our day it was mostly work and a little play to vary the monotony. To-day it is almost all play and little work."

And so the argument continued with neither side willing to give an inch of ground.

* * *

HALEY, of course, was talking from experience. When he was in his prime, and prepared for an important contest, he did from seven to ten miles of road work daily. By way of illustrating his point, Haley gave the following example:

"When I was preparing for the Gardner fight in a sequestered place on Long Island, Dixon was at the same quarters preparing for his fight with Tommy White. George and I sparred with each other and did our road work together.

"Dixon and I would be up at six o'clock in the morning and do ten miles of road work before breakfast. We would start out at a little jog for a couple of miles, then slow down to a fast walk. Dixon would look ahead and say, 'Haley, do you see that telegraph pole up yondah? Well, let's sprint for it.' And away we would go. By the time we got home for breakfast we invariably had an appetite that was terrific.

"The present-day boxers do little or no road work, and when they are in the gym, instead of punching the bag earnestly for twenty minutes or a half hour and working hard for a length of time equal to what they will have to stand when they enter the ring, they play around and have a good time. Instead of working hard for three minutes and resting for one, they work for one and rest for three.

"I might be a little old-fashioned, but I'm one of those who believe that road work is an important part of training routine and that no fighter does justice to himself when he ignores road work."

Patsy Haley was one of a great corps of featherweights who were in the ring at the time that George Dixon was the title holder. Haley engaged in a number of thrilling contests, among them bouts with McGovern, Oscar Gardner, Austin Rice, Dave Sullivan, and Casper Leon, and the bout with Gardner, according to Patsy, was his best. The bout took place at Buffalo on March 17, 1898 and ended in a draw. Here is Patsy's story of the fight:

"I had just returned from England and weighed 131, which was the greatest amount of avoirdupois that I have ever carried around with me. After twenty days of good hard road work and work-outs with George Dixon I was down to the required weight of 120.

"When I entered the ring I felt in perfect condition, and for twelve rounds I battered Oscar all over the ring. But Gardner was a tough little fellow and stood the exertion better than I did. During the greater part of the twelve rounds when success was with me Gardner was aiming at my head. I had a good trick of blocking head blows and for that reason avoided a whole lot of wicked punishment.

"At the beginning of the thirteenth Oscar shifted his course from my head to my stomach and there was a different story. The tables turned and, from then until the last round, it was I who was getting the punishment.

"At the beginning of the twentieth and last round I tore into him with all the speed and pep that I could muster and, I suppose, because of this comeback, I was given a draw."

* * *

HALEY was born in Newmarket Juncture, New Hampshire, on July 20, 1877. Asked how he came to take up pugilism, he told the following story:

"When I was a youngster," declared the hero of this story, "my dad owned a concert hall in Buffalo known as the Bijou. There used to be regular boxing shows there on Tuesday and Saturday nights. Naturally I went around as often as I could and watched the boys battle. It wasn't long before I thought I could do about as well as they. And that's how I came to get interested in boxing.

"About that time, when I was only sixteen years old, dad staged a Western New York amateur boxing tournament. I wanted to enter it, but I knew I would meet with much opposition and possibly with disgrace. I finally did enter, but under an assumed name, Patsy Hayes.

The story of a great little featherweight who now ranks among America's leading referees

"After I had trained conscientiously for some time the big day arrived and I entered the gymnasium where the boys were gathered and were to be paired off. I looked over the collection. Some were small and some big, some looked like highbrows and some looked hard-boiled enough to chew horseshoes and thrive on wood alcohol.

"However, I figured I could lick them all but one and I spent the remaining few minutes praying that I wouldn't be paired off with him. He was big, heavy and twice as old as I. Well, I was successful in the preliminaries, the semi-finals and then I faced the finals with none other than the big fellow.

"The second prize was a loving cup, good looking—to be sure—but about as useful as two tails on a dog. The first prize was a gold watch that looked a little better to me. However, when I entered the ring for the finals and looked at my opponent, I thought I might as well become reconciled to the cup.

"I hadn't seen my opponent box, and for that reason didn't know any of his tricks, but as I stood before him—for no reason whatever—I gained confidence. Probably because of this I knocked him out in the fifth round. My name was then Patsy Haley, the watch was mine, and so was the title of amateur featherweight champion of Western New York. Oh yes, about the watch; it must have been a good one, for a few months later when I was broke, I hocked it for $25.

"Jack McAuliffe, Kid McCoy and some of the big men in the pugilistic world used to stop off at Buffalo on their way west and would stage a bout or two at dad's Bijou. It was in that way that I got acquainted with prominent personages in the boxing world, and it was partly because of this influence that I continued in the boxing game.

"About 1895 dad sold the Bijou and came to New York. Almost the first thing he did was to buy the old Long Island House, situated on Front street, from Jack Dempsey, the 'Nonpareil.' Of course, I came here with dad and New York has been my home since then, in spite of the fact that I had done a lot of traveling in my day."

* * *

SPEAKING of the comforts of to-day, compared to what the fighter of thirty or more years ago was confronted with, Haley, interviewed on the story of his career, told of his fight with Patsy Riordan, to illustrate what a difference there is in these days of commission-controlled boxing. Riordan, although little known outside of his own locality, was quite a figure in Portland, Maine, where he lived. A match between the two Patsys was arranged and in the dead of winter, with the temperature hovering around the zero mark, they made their way into a shoe loft to decide the issue. There was only one little stove in the loft and around this most of the "guests" gathered to keep warm, but the fighters were not so fortunate.

When they undressed, the room was so cold, their skin turned blue. One's breath could almost turn into icicles in that room.

Summoned to the ring, an impromptu affair, Haley and his opponent sat, almost benumbed as the announcer tried to perform a Joe Humphreys speech. One of Riordan's seconds threw a heavy bathrobe and towel over him, but Patsy was not so fortunate and sat shivering, his teeth chattering as the announcer went about his work. Finally Haley, angered beyond words, leaped to his feet and yelled across the ring:

"For God's sake, shut up and get this thing going. I'm freezing." Whereupon the speech of the announcer ended, and the fight got under way.

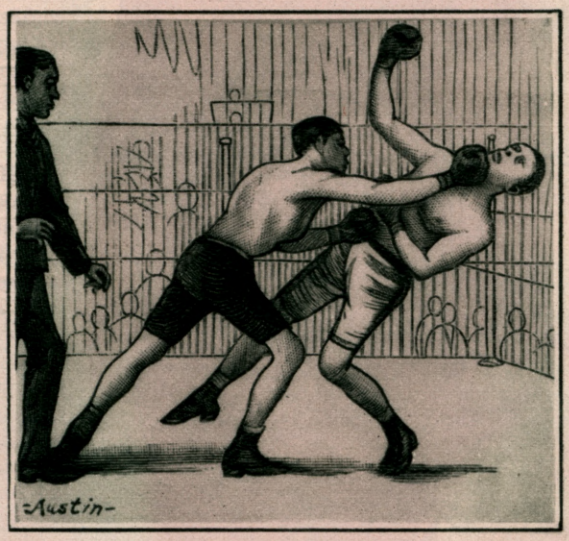
Riordan towered over Haley and had an advantage of several pounds in weight and four inches in reach. Here is Haley's story about that encounter:

"I was nervous; I wasn't in good condition and my opponent had all the physical advantages. Furthermore, I was shivering from the cold. The gong sounded and I tore into him with all I had. In return I got some blows that shattered me from head to foot, but particularly in such vital spots as the jaw and stomach.

"At the end of round two I was as tired as I was desperate. Even though he was bigger than I and had the crowd with him, I was determined to come out on top.

"In my nervous condition, I was jumping in and out, feinting, shooting countless short jabs and ducking and dodging with more speed than usual. These tactics worried Riordan and got him 'fussed' so much that he didn't quite know where he was or what was going on.

"Well, the long and short of the story came in the fifth round. Riordan darted to the centre and poked a left for my stomach. Fortunately for me it never reached the spot. Meanwhile, I had pasted him a right to the jaw that hit him in such a way that it not only knocked him down, but put him through the ropes and out among the audience."



The fight in the loft. Haley caught Riordan with a right to the jaw and sent him through the ropes

* * *

OF his two fights with Terry McGovern, Haley had little to say other than to praise the Brooklynite sky high and to remark how justifiable the prefix "Terrible" was to Terry's name. "He was a cyclone in action, a ball of fire, a tireless, two-fisted fighter who never let up," said Haley. In one fight, their first, Haley went eighteen rounds before he was stopped, and in the second, he was knocked out in the first. An idea of how good Haley was, may be gleaned from the following ringside report of the eighteen round engagement:

"In Haley, McGovern found the most determined, aggressive and capable opponent he had been called upon to meet since he entered upon his pugilistic career. Haley proved his quality for cleverness and boxing ability and demonstrated conclusively his superior knowledge of the boxing game.

"At times he was all over the young Brooklynite. He stabbed him in the face with the quickest left-hand punches ever delivered. He landed swinging blows with the left and right with regularity comparable with the swinging of a pendulum; he shot right-hand bolts into Terry's solar plexus, and uppercut him so frequently that the spectators unanimously applauded his efforts.

"But there was no force behind these blows. Terry waited for the chance to get home with that sledge-hammer right of his that had gained him fame. (*Continued on page* 37)

"The GRAND

By HARRY GRAYSON

WILLIAM MULDOON, the "Solid Man of Sports," came down from his health farm at Purchase, New York, to attend a special meeting of the New York State Athletic Commission in New York City. Having executed the business on hand, the famous soldier, wrestler, actor, policeman, health-builder and executive, found himself surrounded by a corps of newspapermen who had come to do him honor. The occasion was the eighty-seventh birthday of this internationally known teacher of physical culture, and Muldoon, the "Grand Old Man of Boxing" as he is often called, surprised by this impromptu celebration, accepted the verdict of the "boys" and permitted himself to be interviewed.

Birthdays mean nothing to Mr. Muldoon as he has repeatedly asserted. To him, they signify just one more working day. But Mr. Muldoon had his audience and he took advantage of the occasion to give a little lecture on the shortcomings of the youth of today, commercialism in sport and the failure of the professional athletes to train properly. In particular, he laid stress on the slothfulness of the present generation.

Initiative, judgment and diligence—the three cardinal virtues in success—were the points he stressed in discussing the lack of "push" of the present-day boys as compared to those of generations ago who had to fight every inch of the way up the ladder to attain their goal.

* * *

IT is most difficult to get Mr. Muldoon to talk about boxing, the sport over which he rules with an iron hand, but on the occasion of his latest birthday, he consented to break away from his usual custom.

"I've always liked boxing and wrestling," said he, "because they are strenuous sports, a form of athletics that develops mind and body as does no other sport. The inestimable value of boxing as a training, discipline and development of boys and young men, has long been recognized by the greatest teachers of physical education. Theodore Roosevelt, one of my pupils, was an ardent supporter of boxing.

As he was snapped recently while out for a ride at his Purchase Health Farm

"There is no sport that brings into use all the muscles of the body as does boxing. The lungs, the heart, limbs, trunk, abdomen, legs, eyes—even the brain plays its part in the science of fisticuffs. The boxer when in action has every muscle in his body functioning. The sport develops elements of character that are difficult to attain in other branches of athletics—fairness, the spirit of give-and-take, courage, alertness, coolness, confidence, self-control, perseverance, determination, keen-wittedness, and above all, tenacity or the 'never-give-up' spirit. That's why I'm so ardent a fight fan."

Are you in favor of having boxing taught at all schools?, was one of the queries asked of Mr. Muldoon.

"I'm in favor of having all kinds of athletic activities indulged in by our boys. Good, sound, wholesome, healthful athletics for the youth will soon rid us of the bully who later becomes the criminal, and will develop in our youth a spirit of manhood, a spirit of fairness that would eliminate the street rowdy and the coward and make of our boys a better, sturdier, stronger and healthier lot.

"Theodore Roosevelt had the right idea. Not only was he a staunch supporter of all branches of athletics and engaged in them himself, but he saw that his boys learned the art of boxing, wrestling and other sports so that they would be fitted for life's strenuous tasks.

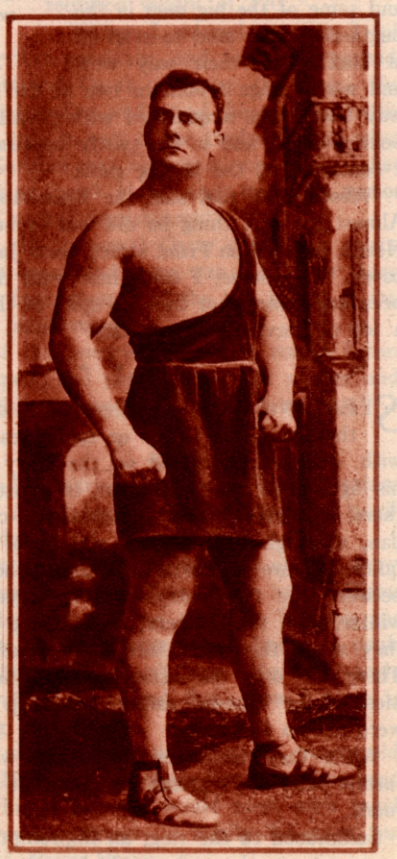
* * *

"FIGHTERS!" exclaimed Mr. Muldoon in response to a query on the present-day crop of heavyweights. His eyes flashed. He looked straight at the inquirer and replied:

"I never discuss them."

The scribes, all boxing writers, naturally were out for a boxing story and they finally pinned the "Grand Old Man" down to a discussion of the old days—the days when he ruled John L. Sullivan with an iron hand. Mr. Muldoon always has had a fond spot in his heart for Jim Corbett, and speaking of him, he remarked:

"I remember the great fight between



As Charles the Wrestler in "As You Like It" in which Mme. Modjeska starred

OLD MAN"

William Muldoon, Eighty-Seven Years Old, Speaks of the Cardinal Virtues in Success

When he was on a lecture tour in his fifties

Corbett and Peter Jackson, the Negro. It was one of the finest exhibitions of endurance and, dexterity, that I ever saw. Sixty-one rounds! Of course, those men went at it more slowly than they do to-day with the fifteen-round limits on championship affairs. It was a slow fight even for those times. The referee, Hiram Cook, had to warn Jim Corbett and Jackson several times to stir things up.

"The best fight I ever saw between big men was in London, Jackson and Frank Slavin, of New Zealand. That was a wonderful bout: Then I put on a good one out in Missouri about that time between Jem Mace, of England, and our own champion.

"When I was handling John L. Sullivan he had his fight with Jake Kilrain. Kilrain won the toss and said the fight would be within 100 miles of New Orleans. When the time came we all got on the train and started traveling.

"Without our knowing it, the train crossed the state line between Louisiana and Mississippi, where a lot of soldiers were lying around expecting us. They were eating, and their guns were stacked up on the tracks. The engineer knew his business. He ran right into the stack and drove on, while the soldiers were left behind dodging the flying muskets and bayonets.

"I'm glad that those days are over. No longer do we have to dodge the militia to see a fight. The legalization of boxing has revolutionized not only the sport, but has brought into being a new type, a better type of fight follower.

Jake Kilrain, (left) and his trainer, William Muldoon out for a run on the road

"I'm in pretty good shape," he continued reflectively. "I've had three operations recently, and the last one shook up my nerves some, but my health is getting better every day. This business of birthdays, officially marking off the years, means nothing to me. I try to forget about them and go right on as usual."

Mr. Muldoon still weighs about 200 pounds, as he did when he introduced the Greco-Roman style to American wrestling and threw all the outstanding pachyderms of his time.

In addition to his work on the famous health farm at Purchase, Mr. Muldoon has been a member of the State Athletic Commission for many years, and twice occupied the post of chairman.

Mr. Muldoon concluded his birthday address by clarifying in a few well chosen words the situation in the pugilistic heavyweight field as it existed prior to the recent battle in the Long Island Bowl.

"This fight between Schmeling and Sharkey will clear matters up. Right now there is no world's champion. A man is not champion when he wins the title lying on his back. Schmeling is champion of Germany, Sharkey is champion of America. That's how it is, and remember, a birthday is nothing in my life. I go right on."

Muldoon has served many years as a member of the New York State Athletic Commission and will continue to serve just so long as he cares to. Three Governors of New York have reappointed him and the job is his for the remainder of his life. Although on many occasions the younger members of the board have failed to appear for meetings, with the exception of the time he was in the hospital, William Muldoon has been present at every important session of the commission in the past seven years. Most of the new rules adopted with Muldoon's aid have benefited boxing and wrestling.

Muldoon as the "Fighting Gaul" in 1887 as he appeared in the drama known first as the "Gladiator" and later as "Spartacus" at Niblo's Theatre, New York City

CURRENT AT-

BY "TEX" AUSTIN

Charley Hanson

THERE were about 15,000 fans who attended the opening wrestling show in the new Madison Square Garden Bowl in Long Island City, where Dick Shikat and "Strangler" Lewis were featured as the headliners. Lewis, far from the "Strangler" of several years back, came through with an unconvincing victory after an hour, six minutes and seven seconds of quite ordinary wrestling. It was all Shikat until the finish. Dick toyed with Lewis and had Ed puffing and coughing till the "Strangler" applied a series of headlocks to pin the clever German. It is our opinion that Shikat could have tossed Lewis had he wrestled as he is capable of doing.

After defeating Shikat, Lewis won over Sammy Stein, Fritz Kley, Sandor Szabo and Roland Kirchmeyer. Kirchmeyer, a former football star on the Oklahoma Aggies college team, shaped up well in his New York debut on the Lewis-Shikat card, by pinning Joe DeVito with a flying body scissors. In his joust with Lewis, the tall golden-haired collegian lost when he plunged through the ropes during a series of flying tackles. With proper handling and experience, he should go far.

* * *

The long planned Londos-Lewis match will probably fall through if our deductions are correct, for everything is not rosy in the wrestling camps. Rumor has it that Jimmy Johnston will soon control Jim Londos who until recently was the biggest attraction in the Curley circuit.

"Strangler" Lewis clamping the winning headlock on Shikat.

* * *

Ed "Don" George disposed of Sandor Szabo in Philadelphia while Earl McCready drew with Pat McGill. George and McGill are Herman-Bowser aces, while Szabo and McCready star for Curley. George also threw Leo Numa and Raoul Simon in exciting matches. He is on the upgrade again.

* * *

"Doc" Almy, THE RING's Boston representative, bears us out by writing that although the wrestling game continues very strong in Boston and rather generally throughout New England, the promoters, who are several jumps ahead of the boxing men most of the time, are noting the signs. Paul Bowser and Joe "Toots" Mondt, rival grappling impresarios in The Hub, are warming up to each other very fast. Instead of continuing to confine their wrestling shows to matmen of their own troupes, they have started in to "shoot" their stars against each other.

At the Boston Garden, a few weeks ago, Charley Strack, a Bowser protégé, met Jack Washburn, Mondt's big card, for the "Bad Man Championship." It drew more than 12,000 fans. The veteran Ernest Roeber of New York refereed. Washburn won the match when he dumped Strack so hard for the first and only fall in 20:58 as to knock him out. Strack was removed to a nearby hospital in a police ambulance. Next day he was able to hobble out.

* * *

Then Gus Sonnenberg, a Bowser ace, threw Matros Kirilenko, Jack Pfefer's veteran Russian Cossack, in Philadelphia. Gus required over an hour to beat the Swedish veteran, tough Charley Hanson.

* * *

A newcomer was introduced at the Garden Bowl in Ivan Leskinovich, latest Russian terror. Ivan, who hails from Riga and has been touring Europe for the last ten months, is a welcome addition to the ranks

Shikat in an agonizing arm scissors and wrist lock

WRESTLING TRACTIONS

Justino Giraldi, latest Italian star

Roland Kirchmeyer

of the pachyderms. He is a combination of Fritz Kley and Ferenc Holuban, a stubby, roly-poly type with a beer-barrel belly.

Ivan apparently has been informed that the greater the grunting, grimacing, purring and contortion stunts he can pull off, the better drawing card he will be in America, for he tried desperately to imitate a disgruntled bear, a wild cat, a snapping mongrel and what not, when he faced George Hagen. At that, Ivan will do. His tactics are the kind that please those who go to see exhibitions instead of straight wrestling. Hagen did his best to advertise the Ziegfeld Follies by constantly puffing "hot-cha—hot-cha." George had the tune and the figure. But Ivan was returned the victor.

Ivan Leskinovich

* * *

Last month we commented on the claiming of championships in the lighter divisions. Since the smaller matmen confine their activities almost exclusively to the middle western states, Jimmy Amann, THE RING'S Ohio correspondent, is in a fine position to rate them. He shoots these along to guide those in doubt.

Light Heavyweight—Champion—Hugh Nichols, Mexia, Tex.; George Sauer, Los Angeles, Calif.; Jean Callet, France; Billy Edwards, Wichita, Kans.; Stanley Rogers, Aberdeen, S. D.; Pinkey Gardner, Schenectady, N. Y.; Tiger Simms, Charleston, W. Va.; Juan Humberto, Spain; Louie Miller, Reno, Nev.; Joe Banaski, Chicago, Ill.; Frank Wolff, Australia.

* * *

Middleweight—Champion—Gus Kallio, Finland; Henry Koln, Benton Harbor, Mich.; George Gable, Cincinnati, O.; Ray Carpenter, Lancaster, O.; Pete Petrulla, Portland, Ore.; Billy Thom, Bloomington, Ind.; Pete Marela, Persia; Johnny Carlin, El Paso, Tex.; Tetsura Higami, Japan; Toughy Gaines, Miami, Fla.; Earl Hassen, Detroit, Mich.

* * *

Welterweight—Champion—Jack Reynolds, Cincinnati, O.; Wildcat McCann, Portland, Ore.; Harry Glick, New York City; Robin Reed, Portland, Ore.; Hy Sharmen, Salt Lake City, Ut.; Silent Rattan, San Antonio, Tex.; Joe Parelli, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Johnny Stote, Schenectady, N. Y.; Irwin Hecht, Cincinnati, O.; Cyclone Carter, Columbus, O.; Masked Marvel, Wheeling, W. Va.

* * *

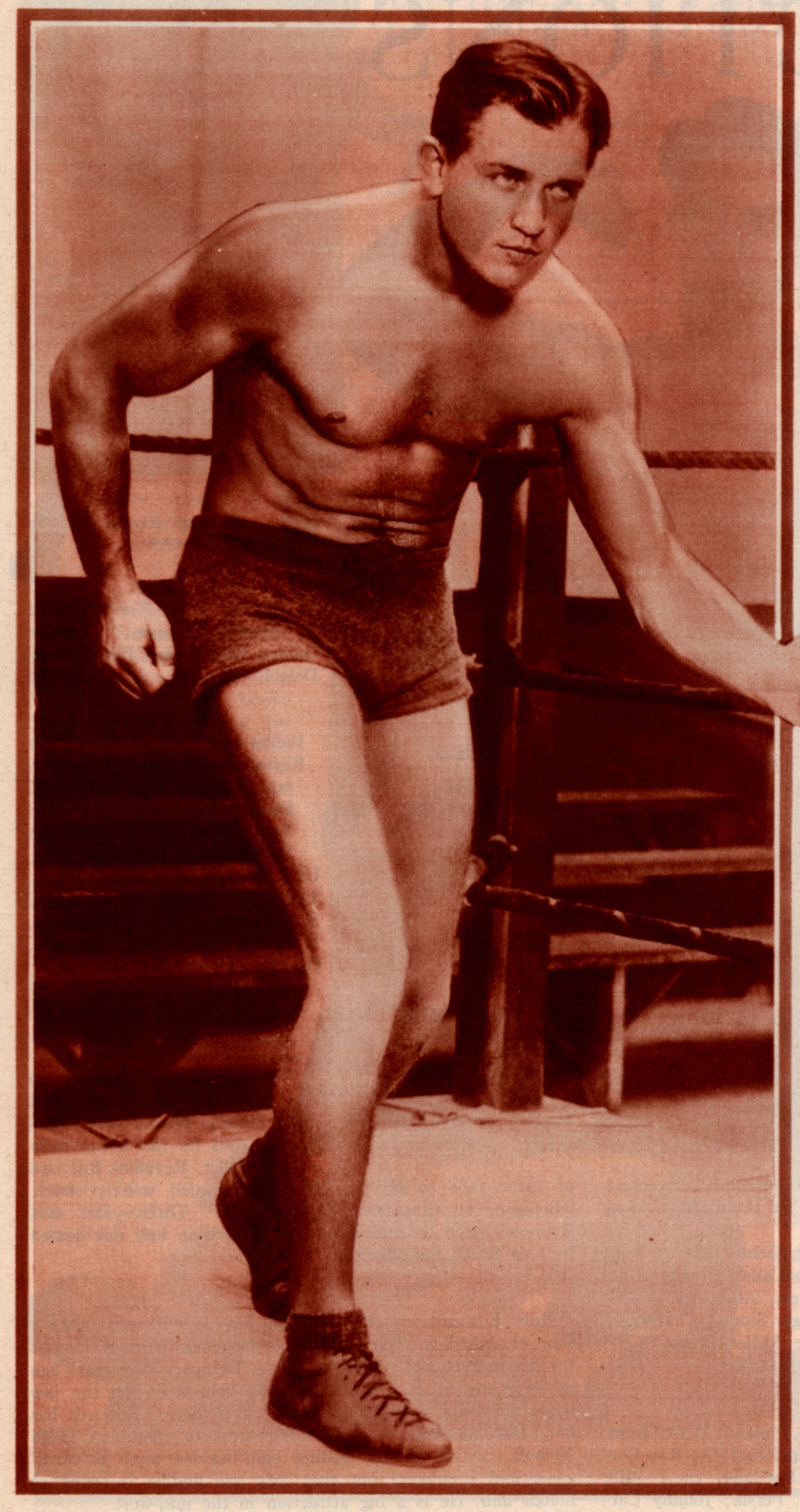
Jack Reynold's attempt to scale into the middleweight division proved very disastrous for the welter titleholder. Reynolds lost two of three falls to Henry Koln, the bearded wrestler from Michigan, at Cincinnati on June 10. Three years ago, Reynolds tried to enter the heavier division but was beaten by Gus Kallio the champion.

* * *

Billy Edwards, rough-house light-heavy, will soon make a tour of Australia. The big Kansas headlock artist is famous for his well known run-in with Jack Dempsey two years ago in Texas, when Jack pasted the big light-heavy on the jaw while refereeing a wrestling match down there. Edwards has only lost one bout in the middle west to champion Hugh Nichols. None of the leading light-heavies want Edwards' game and promoters out that way are finding it tough to match him. He is a big attraction in the mid-west.

Californian Makes Good

Nick Lutze, university product, another football star in the wrestling spotlight



COMING out of the west unheralded and unsung, Nick Lutze made a most telling impression with the mat fans of New England on his initial appearance in Boston. A product of the University of Southern California, Lutze made a host of friends when he substituted at the last minute for Farmer George McLeod against Pat McGill and gave the veteran Irish heavyweight one of the worst defeats of his career. For ten minutes the fans stood and cheered him and right then and there he made his mark in the East.

The young Californian took advantage of opportunity when it knocked at his door, and Pat McGill left the ring the most surprised man in the Boston Arena.

Before coming East, which he was making in a leisurely manner, young Lutze left a lasting record behind him on the Coast. With but one defeat of any consequence against him, that at the hands of Gus Sonnenberg, when Gus was champion, Lutze was not known as a national figure in the heavyweight wrestling division. He just plodded along meeting any one selected for him and always being returned the winner. Nothing much was printed about his prowess in the ring, and McGill figured that the Californian would be much easier picking than the veteran McLeod. The result of that match has been chronicled.

He has followed with many fine performances against stern opposition and improves with every start.

Lutze made his mark, as many of the other heavyweight wrestlers have done, on the gridirons of California. He was star player with the University of Southern California and in addition was an all-around athlete.

This youngster in the wrestling game is a whale of a big fellow, standing six feet tall and weighing about 204 pounds.

Nick has also been a very efficient and handsome lifeguard on the beach at Venice, Calif., and always sports a heavy tan that makes pale persons envious.

A Betting Coup

How Harvey Parker's Strategy Enabled His Wrestling Followers to Gain Wealth at Ernest Roeber's Expense

By JACK CURLEY

TIME was when the wrestling world rang with the name of Harvey Parker, "the Little Demon," without doubt one of the greatest wrestlers of his weight the world has ever known. Here was a little fellow, about 140 to 145 pounds, who traveled with burlesque shows for years meeting all comers of every weight and description and downing them all, unless for "business reasons" he permitted them to last the distance —the time limit.

When Parker first came into prominence he was located at Erie, Pa. Later he moved to Marion, Ind., and then he drifted to New England where he settled in Brockton, which remained his home for many years.

At the time wrestling was in bad odor, due to the hippodroming of the so-called champions, and gate receipts were very small. In fact, at the match between Ed Atherton and Dan McLeod at Rochester, N. Y., for the world's middleweight championship and $1,000 a side, there was less than $100 taken at the gate. Tom Jenkins and Jack McCormack wrestled for the title at Newcastle, Pa., with a gross gate of $26.

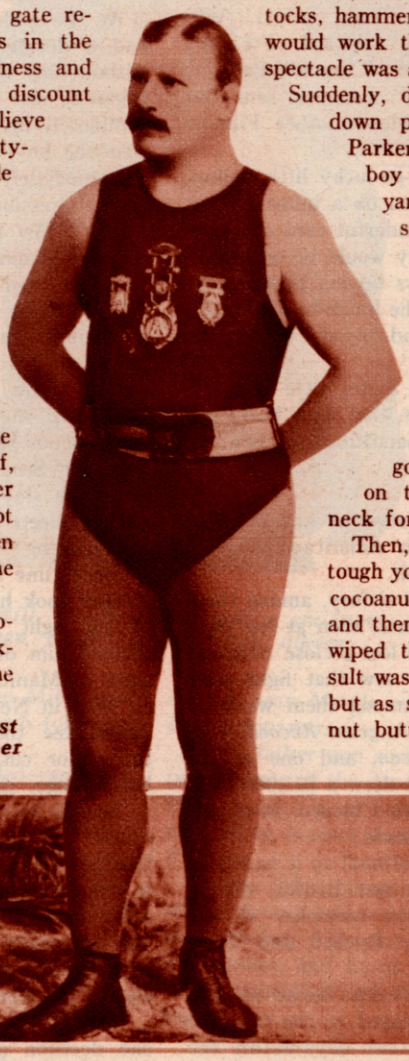
Wrestlers, like others, believe that the world owes them a living, and as they could not get it from the gate receipts, they sought it elsewhere and that was in the betting. Now betting invariably leads to trickiness and in all the history of the mat game, nobody could discount Parker in getting the money. If you don't believe this just ask any of the Brocktonites of twenty-five years ago. Some of them got many a ride from Harvey.

Harvey could think of more ways to separate a victim from his bankroll than a good lawyer can conjure alibis, and he could vary his method as easily as a weathervane can change its direction.

* * *

ALL was grist that came to his mill, but even when he was not certain he could perform the "surgical operation" himself, he was always in a position to secure a wrestler who could. This was the case when he shot Fred Beell into Baltimore to beat Americus, then one of the best men of his weight in the country.

He and Bobby Reakes had a lot of fun together, much to the swelling of their mutual bankroll, while his stunts with Max Wiley, the former amateur champion, are well remembered up around Rochester, N. Y.



Ernest Roeber

One of the best of the stories told about him is when he approached a rising young wrestler in a small town less than 100 miles from New York and tried to arrange a match.

"Why, Mr. Parker, you are entirely too good for me and I would not like to get beaten right here in my own city," was the youth's reply.

"Now, listen, I've got a reputation and hold the world's welterweight championship, which is of great value to me in my theatrical work, but really I am stalling along, frightening opponents by what I have done in the past. In fact, I don't want to have you beaten, for I am certain I cannot do it from what I hear of you. What I want is to have us go to a draw."

The young chap was naturally pleased at the idea of a draw with the great Parker and tentatively agreed to the plan.

"But," added Harvey, "I don't want you to try to cross me, so you will have to put up a good stiff forfeit to go through as we agree. In fact, I'd insist on you putting up $1,000 with some reliable man to that effect."

* * *

IT took a lot of skirmishing for the young fellow to raise the money, because the thing had to be done quietly. But he finally succeeded. To make the affair look good, it was advertised as a one fall finish match and so they went on the mat.

They stuck in all the quirks that were popular at the time, such as head spins, flying mares, cross buttocks, hammer locks, and displayed every thing that would work the audience up. Needless to say, the spectacle was a hummer to look at.

Suddenly, during a series of shifts, Parker went down pulling his opponent on top of him. Parker hung on for dear life, while the local boy struggled with might and main to yank Harvey from the canvas. Parker stuck there long enough for the referee to slap the young man's back as a signal of victory, an unwelcome one of course.

"You dirty double crossing rat," said Parker to the victim. "That's just what I thought you'd do and that's why I insisted on you putting up that $1,000 forfeit, which I am going to take. But if I ever get you on the mat again I'll try to break your neck for this trick."

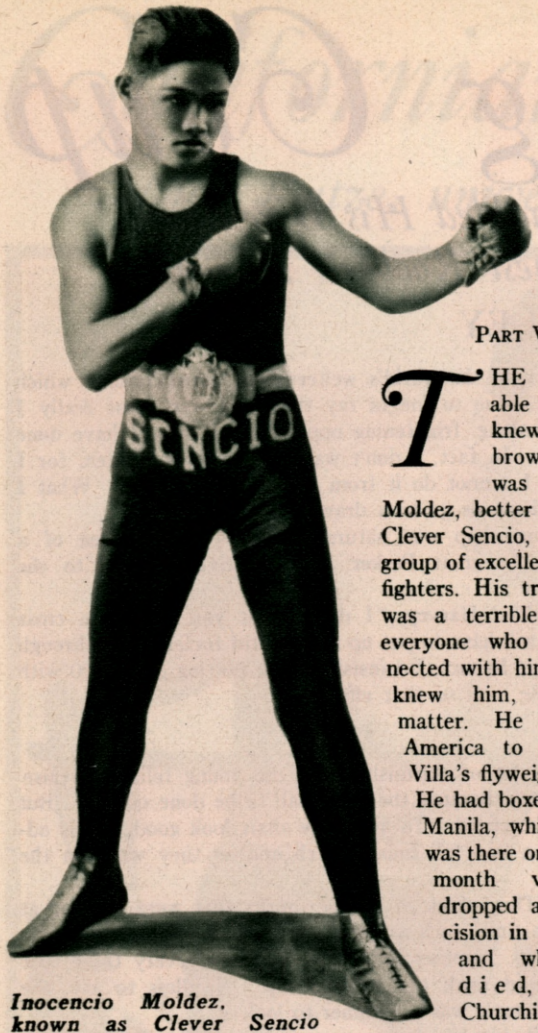
Then, too, there is the instance of when a tough young fellow in a Connecticut town rubbed cocoanut butter into his flesh before a match, and then, just as he was going on the canvas, he wiped the surplus off with alcohol. The result was that he passed the referee's inspection, but as soon as he got warmed up that cocoanut butter turned into oil and oozed all over the wrestler. The attention of the referee was called to it, and that official, indignant at being fooled, promptly declared the covered lad the loser. From that day on that young man was known in his home town as "Greasy Johnny."

How daring and tricky Parker was, may be gleaned from the experience of Ernest Roeber,

(*Continued on page* 37)

Boxing's

The Ill-Fated Fight Between Clever Sencio and Bud Taylor, Is Recorded in This Installment of Bill Miller's Story on Great Filipino Pugilists



Inocencio Moldez, known as Clever Sencio

PART V

THE most lovable lad I ever knew, white or brown-skinned, was Inocencio Moldez, better known as Clever Sencio, one of a group of excellent Filipino fighters. His tragic death was a terrible blow to everyone who was connected with him, or even knew him, for that matter. He came to America to take over Villa's flyweight crown. He had boxed Villa, in Manila, while Pancho was there on his eight-month visit and dropped a close decision in 15 rounds, and when Villa died, Frank Churchill, Pancho's manager, sent for Sencio with the idea of trying to develop another Filipino champion.

Sencio was a smiling, cheerful, happy-go-lucky little fellow, with the finest set of teeth I've ever seen on a human being. They were snow-white, and he took wonderful care of them. When he smiled, the complete set of ivory would be on exhibition. He was a generous little lad, always buying presents for his friends—I still have half a dozen of the knick-knacks which he gave Mrs. Miller, my youngster and myself at various times.

Sencio had thirteen fights in the United States. He died during the night following his thirteenth fight, that with Bud Taylor at Milwaukee. Something for the superstitious to chew on.

* * *

THE little Filipino got off to a great start by knocking out Mickey Gill at San Francisco in his American debut, in two rounds. He was an instantaneous hit.

He followed this up with victory after victory, among them a slashing win over Corporal Izzy Schwartz, then at the peak of his prowess. In January, 1926, Sencio lost a close 10-round decision to Fidel La Barba. Many who saw that fight were of the opinion that Sencio had won. Among them were Ed Frayne, then sports editor of the Los Angeles *Record,* now sports editor of the New York *American,* and one of the best boxing writers in America. The fight drew a $21,000 gate.

Shortly thereafter, the stable moved to Chicago, in anticipation of the legalization of boxing in Illinois.

Sencio's success in Chicago was as sensational as it had been in Los Angeles and the Far West. Warren Brown, of the Chicago *Herald Examiner,* gave him the monicker of the "Manila Rapper." His fights with Ray Rychell and Tiger Jack Burns were classics.

Then followed a re-match with Fidel La Barba at Los Angeles, in March of 1926. This was staged at the Olympic Auditorium, and was a complete sell-out two days before the show. Thousands of people were unable to get in, and they drew a gate of $33,000.

* * *

THE ill-fated fight with Bud Taylor came next—the last fight of a great little battler. Frank Churchill never liked that match, and suggested that I call it off, but I protested that the contracts were already signed, and that I believed Sencio would have no more trouble with the great Buddy Taylor than Villa had in his last fight with the blond Terre Haute Terror. Possibly it was some premonition that guided Churchill to protest against the fight. Ekwert and I both thought that Sencio would lick Taylor.

At the end of the ninth round, we both thought Sencio had a decided edge over Taylor. But in the tenth round, without any hard blow having been struck, the boy suddenly began to reel around the ring in a drunken manner. We were completely mystified, and so was the audience. Little we knew that the boy was dying, right before our eyes.

Immediately after the fight, two doctors examined Sencio in the dressing-room. One was the Commission doctor who called to Art Schinner, then chairman of the Wisconsin State Athletic Commission and also sports editor of the Wisconsin *News* and said:

"Art, come in here and feel this little Filipino's pulse! I never in all my life saw an athlete in such perfect condition. He's gone through ten hard rounds, and his pulse-beat is absolutely normal!"

Medical men told me, later, that a slow pulse-beat was synonymous with a cerebral hemorrhage, which was what happened to Sencio. Ekwert and I went with him to the hotel, where we stayed with him until he went to bed. He seemed to be asleep when we left his room, about one o'clock in the morning.

Some time between our departure and daybreak, the Grim Reaper took his toll. Churchill was in New York at the time of the fight, but came to Milwaukee immediately after I phoned him of the boy's death. He sent the following cablegram to Manila newspapers:

"Was in New York at time of Sencio's death. Arrived in Milwaukee too late for funeral. Body showed no marks, bruises or cuts. Coroner pronounced death due to cerebral hemorrhage, caused by over-exertion.

"Sencio was winning fight, but suddenly weakened in tenth round. Was not knocked down; did not collapse during fight. Doctor's examination, before and after contest, indicated Sencio in wonderful physical condition. Pulse and heart both normal after fight. Sudden rupture of blood vessel came while Sencio was peacefully sleeping. Senico given full rites of the Catholic church and body embalmed in air-tight casket arriving Manila aboard steamer *Empress of Russia* May 22nd.

"Sencio leaves an estate of twelve thousand pesos. He lost one decision in thirteen fights and was exceedingly popular

"Mosquito Fleet"

By "BILL" MILLER

everywhere. His loss is mourned from coast to coast. I am heart broken, for I loved Sencio as a son. He had the cleanest habits and most lovable nature of any fighter I ever knew. Am quitting boxing game. Sencio added honor and glory to the Filipino race by his courage, honesty and marvelous prowess.

(Signed) "FRANK CHURCHILL."

* * *

BUD TAYLOR, his manager, Eddie Long, and Whitey Ekwert and myself were all ordered to appear at the District Attorney's office the day after Sencio's death, for questioning. Just as a side-light, I remember that Eddie Long introduced me to a young fellow named McSwiggin who had been a spectator at the fight the night before.

"This is Mr. McSwiggin, Bill," said Long. "He's Assistant District Attorney in Chicago, and will help us over the hurdles in case there are any difficulties."

We were all exonerated, of course, for the Commission had passed upon both contestants and examined them before and after the fight.

Shortly afterward, I picked up my morning paper at the breakfast table, and the face of Billy McSwiggin stared at me under a huge black headline. He had been riddled with gangster's bullets while riding in an automobile.

Another side-light of this same tragic fight, which I recall.

Two days after the fight, I went over to Otto Borchert's office to get Sencio's check, his purse for the Taylor fight. Of course I was down-hearted, and Otto tried to cheer me up. He brought out a bottle of wine, I remember, and we both had a glass.

"It was tough, Bill," said Borchert, "but Death is something that no man can foretell. Liable to happen to you, or to me, to-day or to-morrow. It was no fault of yours—it was just an act of God."

His words came back, with telling force, a year later.

Borchert had been president of the Milwaukee Baseball Club. The following year, the Milwaukee club won the pennant, and at the big banquet which followed, Borchert was called upon to make a speech.

He arose from the table, glass in hand, smiled—and fell dead to the floor. He died of heart-disease.

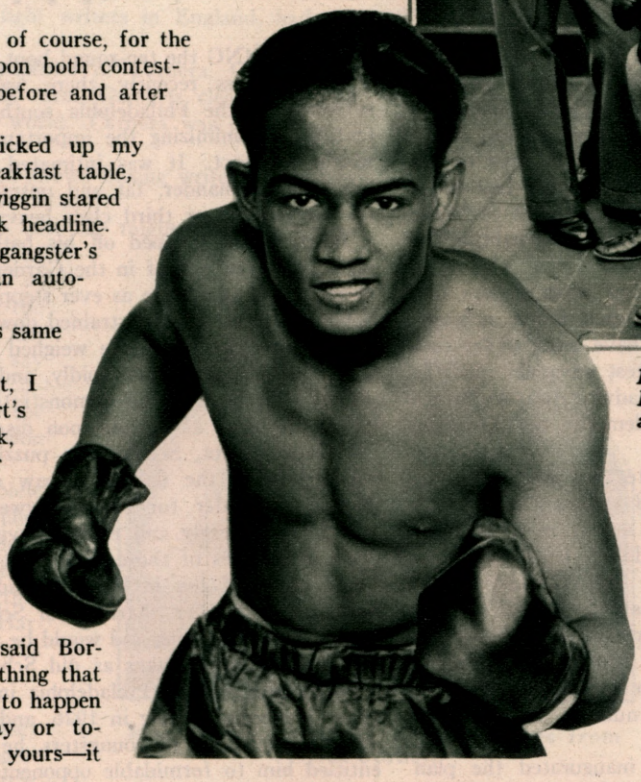
Because of the tragic death of Pancho Villa and Clever Sencio, a peanut-headed newspaperman came out with a story that Filipino fighters should not be given licenses—that they were not hardy enough to stand the gaff and the rough usage of the prize ring.

What ridiculousness! What monumental ignorance!

Filipino fighters, pound for pound, are every bit as good as, if not a heap better than, American or European fighters and much hardier than most.

Filipino fighters are every bit as rugged as American or European fighters. They are sturdy little people, quick as cats, and most of them are equipped with more courage than their white antagonists. I have found Filipinos to be a pleasant, courteous race, quick to resent insult, but highly appreciative of kindness and courtesy.

Fidel La Barba, shaking hands with Ignacio Fernandez; George Blake, and Jesus Cortez, manager of Filipino fighters



Johnny Hill, whose father was a six-foot American Negro naval petty officer

* * *

THE next Filipino fighter of any account to appear on the scene in this country after Sencio's death was Johnny Hill, who came from Cavite, Philippine Islands—the naval station near Manila where Uncle Sam's Asiatic fleet makes its headquarters.

Hill's father was a six-foot American Negro, a retired chief petty officer of the American navy, named Alexander Hill. Mr Hill, senior, is a highly respected citizen of Cavite, now engaged in busines there. Johnny is a son by his first wife, a Filipino.

Johnny Hill's career was short, but sparkling. It could, and should have been, much longer. But Hill loved to dally in the flesh-pots. He was fond of white lights, music and feminine smiles, and loved to linger in that atmosphere. Which is not generally accepted as good training for a professional boxer.

Add to that his craze for horses, and you have a fighter pretty hard to handle. Hill had an (*Continued on page* 37)

Nat FLEISCHER says:

British Critics Turn Down the "No-Foul" Rule
Marcel Thil Earns Right to Succeed Walker
Harry Ertle, Famous Referee, Passes Away

OVER in England there is quite a commotion over the use of the foul proof cup. Jeff Dickson, famous European promoter who was in this country last year for a visit to his home in New Orleans, thought so well of the cup now in use throughout the United States, that he decided to introduce it into his club in London. But the British scribes and the British Board of Boxing Control opposed this move.

The contention is made that a man who fouls, should be punished for his act, and that the use of the foul-proof cup simply penalizes the fouled and not the perpetrator of the "crime." That opinion is a proper one in only one respect. Under the rules in vogue in this country a fighter who hits low and is warned by the referee automatically loses that round. In states where the point system is used instead of the rounds system, a fighter who fouls is penalized five or ten points, according to the locality. And that penalty has so far reduced low hitting here that only occasionally is there fouling of this variety. In fact, in New York, foul fighting has practically been eliminated.

I was strongly opposed to the foul-cup when it was first introduced, but after seeing several hundred fights in which the contestants have worn these cups, I have come to the conclusion that its use is one of the greatest advances made in boxing in the last twenty years. My advice to the British is to give the cup a trial before condemning the American system.

In several important contests a fighter has been deprived of victory because of the points scored against him for low hitting. Hence the penalty is just as severe as if he were disqualified by the referee, and in addition, those who pay the freight are permitted to see the fight through. From personal observation, I've concluded that the system in this country is a better one than the old system of disqualifying the offender, for, in addition to taking the chance of losing the contest, a fighter who fouls now also is penalized by being set down for sixty or thirty days, the number depending on the offense.

The New York Commission, which inaugurated the plan for the use of foul cups, has done much for which it has been severely criticized in the past, but the fight fans of America owe a vote of thanks to the board for putting into effect its no-foul rule.

* * *

PICKING Mickey Walker's successor as world's middleweight champion, will not be a difficult task from now on. The easy manner in which Marcel Thil, French middleweight king, disposed of Gorilla Jones, National Boxing Association title holder, winning on a foul after outclassing the Negro, leaves Thil the outstanding man in his class. By first defeating Vince Dundee, the leading American middleweight and then taking into camp the N. B. A. crown wearer, Thil should receive international recognition without being asked to dispose of any other contenders.

Thil's fighting ability may be tested in this country shortly. He has been asked by both the Madison Square Garden of New York and the Chicago Stadium to accept engagements here, but to date has refused because he feels he owes allegiance to the man who brought him to the top, Jeff Dickson, Europe's leading promoter. A return bout with Dundee and one with Frank Battaglia of Winnepeg, Canadian champion, are in the making. A victory over both of these contenders would add considerable prestige to Thil's record. It would enable him to hold his head high as the undisputed world title holder.

* * *

FOLLOWING the ten-round bout between Ernie Schaaf and Jack Gross recently, there was much uncomplimentary reference to the Philadelphia southpaw with the evident intention of minimizing the importance of Schaaf as a heavyweight prospect. It was intimated that Gross was a crude, unwieldy left-hander, fat and untrained, and a perfect setup for any second or third class heavyweight.

When Gross stripped off his bathrobe in the ring on the night he boxed Schaaf in the Garden, the onlookers beheld as clean-limbed an athlete as ever stepped before them. He stood 6 feet 4 inches tall, and trained down fine, without a trace of fat on his huge frame, he weighed close to 200 pounds. He moved about easily and rapidly, and while a southpaw heavyweight is a novelty, he demonstrated that he knew how to handle his fists, as Schaaf soon discovered.

Without doubt, Schaaf was puzzled by the stance of the Quaker, being the first southpaw ever encountered by the coming contender for the heavyweight crown. Nevertheless Schaaf won clearly and emerged without special damage, except in the eyes of those who expected Schaaf to drop Gross for a count of ten in a few rounds. The writer holds the opinion that neither Sharkey nor Schmeling would be able to stop Gross in jig time, and would be apt to have quite as much trouble with the Quaker as did Schaaf.

Gross was born in Philadelphia in 1905 and is in his 27th year. He began boxing in 1926, and after exchanging thumps with the usual run of youngsters, he began to show class that entitled him to formidable opponents.

In 1928 he got a match with Tommy Loughran, who at that time was in top form. Loughran won the bout on points, but Gross was on his feet and full of action at the close. In that same year, Gross knocked out Roberto Roberti in one round, and Pietro Corri in 3 rounds.

In 1930 Gross stopped George Godfrey the giant Negro in 5 rounds, and Jack Herman in 2 rounds.

In 1931 Gross met Godfrey again and got the decision on points, the bout lasting the limit of 10 rounds. Gross also had two bouts of ten rounds each with Tommy Loughran, getting a draw in the first and losing the second on points.

Therefore on his record it can be seen that Gross is anything but a palooka. He is just an ordinary fighter, yet his style is so puzzling because of his southpaw stance, that even the best of fighters are likely to look bad against him. No southpaw has ever won the heavy title of America, but it would be the height of folly to nominate Gross as an easy mark for any of the leading heavies of the present time.

LONDON newspaper men were very much at variance in their report of the recent Larry Gains-Primo Carnera fight. Although the American reports had Carnera running away from Larry and beaten by a mile, the ringside stories of the fight, written by London's leading scribes, prove that the match was anything but a runaway for the Negro. In fact, a number of experts gave Carnera the fight. The cable reports stated that the Italian was running away from Gains in the tenth round, but the version of those sitting at the ringside was that the tenth was Carnera's best round and that he dropped Larry to his knees. Some experts gave Gains seven rounds, while others state that Carnera won nine out of ten.

The correspondent of *The Times* says that the defeat of Carnera was questionable.

The *Morning Post,* in its report declared:

"Long before the announcer had entered the ring to announce the verdict, the crowd was acclaiming Gains the victor."

James Butler in the *Daily Herald* said that Gains scored a sensational victory on points. There was a great deal of discussion as to the correctness of the referee, Mr. Jack Hart. Whatever arguments may be used in favor of Carnera, and I quite agree that he is a greatly improved boxer, it is a positive fact that the giant does not know how to punch with his full weight."

In the *Daily Express,* Trevor Wignall, well-known in this country as the ace of all fight writers in England, had this to say:

"Gains was clearly the superior of Carnera. Carnera was beaten on points and on his form, Gains is clearly the best colored heavyweight in the world. Carnera was as slow as a cart horse."

Fred Gartnell, another well-known boxing writer of London, reporting for the *News-Chronicle* said:

"Nearly 41,000 spectators saw the mighty Primo Carnera beaten by Larry Gains—or at least get an adverse verdict at the White City. I do not for the moment think that Carnera deserved such a verdict. To say that he lost the fight, is to ignore the clear evidence of the rounds of which Primo won nine."

So there you are, mates. New York is not the only place where the scribes differ on the official verdict. Perhaps now the British can understand the conflicting reports broadcast after Len Harvey had lost his fights in this country.

* * *

BOXING in New Jersey lost one of its strongest supporters when Harry Ertle, famous referee and recently appointed secretary of the State Athletic Commission, passed away after an extended illness. Ertle, who served in the capacity of a boxing official for almost twenty years, was appointed secretary only a month before his untimely death.

Harry Ertle will always be remembered as the man who tolled the ring's fatal ten second count over Georges Carpentier, in that memorable battle at Boyle's Thirty Acres, where the handsome Frenchman fell before the attack of Jack Dempsey while 90,000 persons looked on. From comparative obscurity, Ertle gained international fame overnight in that history-making "Battle of the Century" back in 1921.

He had served in many New Jersey championship fights prior to taking the reins in the Carpentier-Dempsey affair, but it was that contest that made of him an international figure. One of the most stirring events in the career of this New Jersey official, was the fight between Mike McTigue and Young Stribling at Columbus, Georgia, for the light-heavyweight title. It was in that bout that McTigue, Ertle and Joe Jacobs, now manager of Max Schmeling but at the time the director of McTigue's affairs, almost suffered death at the hands of the Ku-Klux Klan.

Members of the Klan were out to see that Stribling won the title, and when the referee, sensing trouble, called the bout a draw in order to save the situation, it required the services of a military escort to get the trio out of the state. Despite threats, Ertle stuck to his guns and refused to change the verdict, whereupon Major Jones, sponsor of the show, entered the ring and held up Stribling's hand to designate him the winner. But a draw the bout remained on the books.

Ertle was a City Marshal in Jersey City at the time he received the Dempsey-Carpentier assignment. His most important ring engagement prior to that was in the battle in Jersey City between Carpentier and Battling Levinsky, the contest in which the Frenchman won and paved the way for the Dempsey encounter.

* * *

ELSEWHERE in this magazine is my story on the Schmeling-Sharkey fight. But, since writing that story I have received innumerable letters from readers of THE RING informing me that unless I took a firm stand on "the gigantic steal that robbed Max Schmeling of the title," I would find myself less those readers and others whom they would influence. Ordinarily I do not answer threats, but in this case I have decided to use a little space in doing so.

Here is a typical letter, this being used here because it comes from a member of the fair sex, Charlotte Samuels of Dorchester, Mass.:

"The morning after the 'big' fight—and I just want to warn you concerning the subject nearest my heart. Having been an admirer of yours for a whole long year, and having read every word of THE RING for that length of time, over and over again—I am giving you notice, herewith, that I shall be 'off you for life' if you support the Sharketeers. To be sure I shall respect your verdict of the case, whatever it may be, and it may make me change the words of my song—but never the tune. I root for Schmeling, though he might have done more with his opportunity last night.

"Naturally, I cannot go into technicalities with you as I do not know the game well enough, but I have followed it much more faithfully than many men fans who claim to know everything—and you, yourself, told me that I did not appear to be an ignorant female. Anyway, I am just plain sick over the whole affair and could even wish that Max might have been knocked cold instead of having to go through with a lot more unpleasantness of the type he has been so consistently served.

"Shall be camping at the nearest news-stand to see what hope you have to offer in the next issue of THE RING. Do watch out, because your pedestal is so high—the crash will be tremendous. I should like to thank you for being the publisher of such an interesting magazine and to remain."

Max Schmeling taking a few pointers from Jim Corbett

To her I replied that she should not be so excited, because, after all, she had not seen the fight and probably obtained her information from over the radio. That is where the bulk of the commotion started. Too often the men who are given the assignment try to give a colorful account of the battle, and because of the importance of the affair they do not report what is actually taking place at the ringside. Such was the case in the Firpo-Dempsey bout, the Dempsey-Tunney contest in Chicago and the Schmeling- (*Continued on page* 38)

New York and New Jersey Fighters

Young Terry, Trenton terror in 160 pound class

Vince Dundee, Newark's great middleweight

Sammy Schaffman, promising New York middleweight

Patsy La Rocco, rugged New York featherweight

Freddy Polo, New Jersey's hard hitting welter

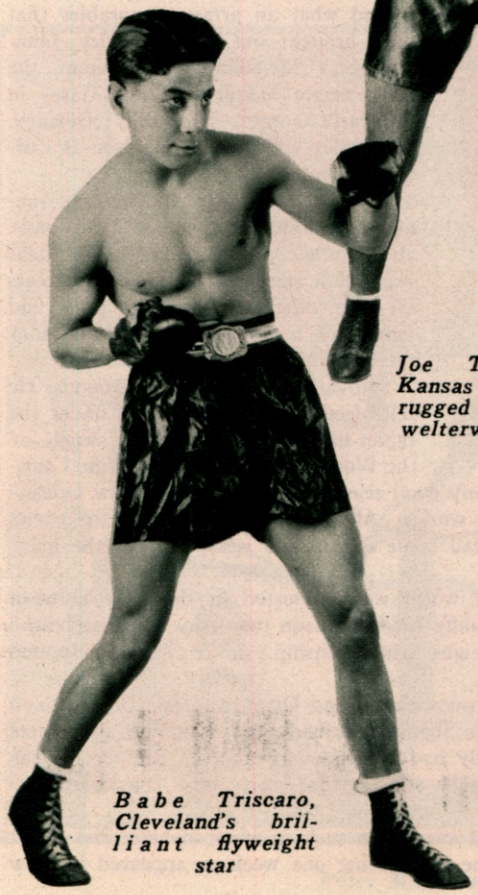
Lew Kersch, New York's star lightweight

VETERANS *and* RISING TALENT

Sam Weiss, Allentown, Pa., light-heavyweight entry

Eddie Shea, Chicago's aggressive featherweight

Joe Trabon, Kansas City's rugged junior-welterweight



Babe Triscaro, Cleveland's brilliant flyweight star

Ray Kiser, Oklahoma's two-fisted lightweight

Pee Wee Wilson, bantamweight from Detroit

The PRIZE RING

The story of old and modern fighters in the making of lurid history and colorful romance in the famous Creole center

By Clem G. Hearsey

(This is the fourth of a series by a veteran newspaperman who reported all of the great battles in the South and was one of the country's authorities on the sport. The author died a few weeks after he completed this series. —Editor's note.)

NEW ORLEANS has been the scene of many famous fights. Although rather dormant at present so far as pugilism is concerned, that Louisiana city has harbored some of the most celebrated contests in the history of American fisticuffs. Of all, however, probably none have brought the city more into the spotlight than the memorable fistic carnival that was staged in September, 1892, when three championships, the featherweight, lightweight and heavyweight were staged.

The Olympic Club, with Charles H. Genslinger as its manager, organized in the early nineties, is the most noted of all the clubs in New Orleans, but other organizations played a big part in the history of American pugilism. Among some of the earlier fights staged at the Olympic was the desperate encounter between Billy Myer and Jimmy Carroll, one of the bitterest on record. Those sturdy lightweights went 43 rounds before Carroll took the count from a right swing to the jaw.

It was at the Olympic Club that John L. Sullivan lost his heavyweight title to James J. Corbett. The club was the first fight organization to attempt a great championship fistic carnival, pitting three recognized champions against three very likely contenders.

It was during the week of September 7 that the World's greatest prize ring show was to occupy the strenuous stage of pugilistic activity, and for the occasion, New Orleans again was the scene of a great gathering of celebrities assembled from every social grade and every industrial or professional calling.

James J. Corbett as he looked when he beat John L. Sullivan at the Olympic Club

The first fight in the Carnival had Jack McAuliffe, the lightweight champion, and Billy Myer, the Streator Cyclone, as foemen. The men entered the ring on Monday night, September 5. John Duffy, famous among referees, was the third man in the ring, and he signalled the start of the fracas, just as the Curfew, an ancient custom in New Orleans, was tolling nine.

Determined enemies through years of mutual denunciation and abuse, Myer and McAuliffe were like two killers when they faced each other. They sparred beautifully the first round, but in the second, McAuliffe found an opening and crashed a heavy right to Myer's chin. Billy unceremoniously sat down in the packed river sand of the ring, and as he struggled to his feet, the gong rang, saving him, for the time being at least.

"Open the wine, Joe, the fight's over," grinned McAuliffe, as he returned to his corner, and big Joe Choynski, obedient to the command, reached into a handy bucket of ice, took out a cold bottle, and "pop!" went the cork, while the sparkling liquor bubbled and foamed over the protecting napkin.

Instead of taking the fighters' usual grooming, McAuliffe drank wine at this critical stage of his championship fight, but Jack was sure of himself. Feeling that Myer was gone, he could well afford the celebration. And he was right in his guess at that, for Myer, although showing remarkable stamina under terrific punishment, was forced to take the count in the fifteenth round.

* * *

THE next night, Tuesday, September 6, saw brave little Jack Skelly, the amateur champion of the bantam class, facing the negro, George Dixon, one of the mightiest small men in ring annals. The color line is closely drawn in New Orleans, and there was much opposition to a white man facing a Negro. But for all that, they gave Dixon a square deal and Skelly was knocked out in 8 rounds.

The fistic carnival closed on the night of Wednesday, September 7, with the greatest pugilistic offering of the age, the fight between the mighty John L. Sullivan and the splendid young gladiator from California, James J. Corbett.

And what an array of notables that fight brought out, with Charley Johnson, Jack McAuliffe, Joe Lannon, the heavyweight fighter, and Phil Casey in Sullivan's corner, and Billy Delaney, Jim Daley and John Donaldson as Corbett's handlers!

Prof. John Duffy, the referee, announced Sullivan's weight as 212 pounds, and Corbett's, 178 pounds. The fight was for a purse of $20,000, the greatest ever offered up to that time, and fight fans had come from all parts of the country to see it.

Sullivan was beaten in 21 rounds. He fell bleeding and unconscious under the rapier-like jabs and slashing swings of the Wonder Man from the Pacific Coast.

There were many good reasons why that great New Orleans carnival proved a winner. All the world had read of the young Lochinvar who had come out of the west to meet the great John L.

All the boxing world was interested in the bout between Myers and McAuliffe for the reason that they had met before for the lightweight championship in a sixty-four-round draw.

The match between Skelly and Dixon was also thought well of, for the reason that Dixon had been whipping all comers and because Skelly had beaten every man he had met in the amateur class and among that sort was considered invincible.

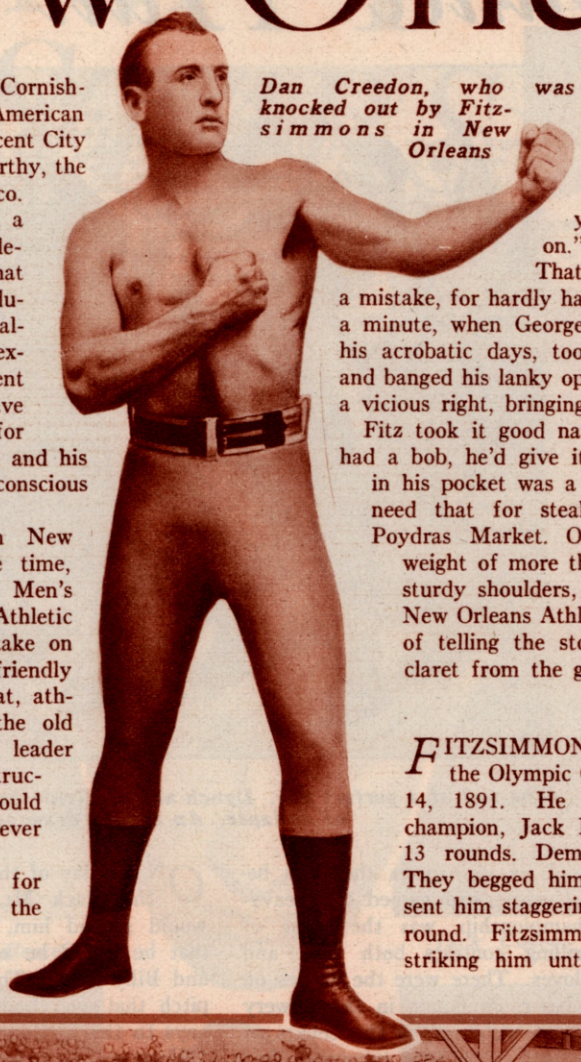
It is doubtful if ever again such an array of high-class talent will appear in one city during one week as appeared in New Orleans in 1892.

in New Orleans

BOB FITZSIMMONS, the Amazing Cornishman, fought one of his earliest American fights in New Orleans. He came to the Crescent City in the fall of 1890, after beating Billy McCarthy, the Australian, in nine rounds in San Francisco. He was signed up to meet Arthur Upham, a rugged 158-pounder, who claimed the middleweight championship of New England. That contest was staged in the arena of the Audubon Club, conducted by Captain "Bat" Galvin, a well known sporting man and ex-policeman. Billy Chittendan, a prominent horseman, was referee. Upham made a brave fight, but his effort availed him little, for Fitzsimmons in his prime was a superman, and his terrible blows laid the New Englander unconscious on the canvas in five rounds.

Fitzsimmons became very popular in New Orleans, and remained in the city some time, making his headquarters at the Young Men's Gymnastic Club, now the New Orleans Athletic Club, where, of an afternoon, he would take on all the gentlemen boxers "for a bit of a friendly spar." George Scott, famous circus acrobat, athlete and first class fighting man, after the old style with the "raw 'uns," was a sort of leader around the club as a trainer, boxer and instructor, and although only a bantam, George could hold his own with the biggest of the clever amateurs that the G. C. turned out.

One morning while Fitz was training for Dempsey, and was punching the bag in the Club's gymnasium, Scott came in and offered to go a round or two with the Cornishman. "Ye'r a wee man, George," smiled Fitz, "an' I'll wager a bob to a ha' penny, ye'll never reach my beak, even if you took yon stool to stand on."



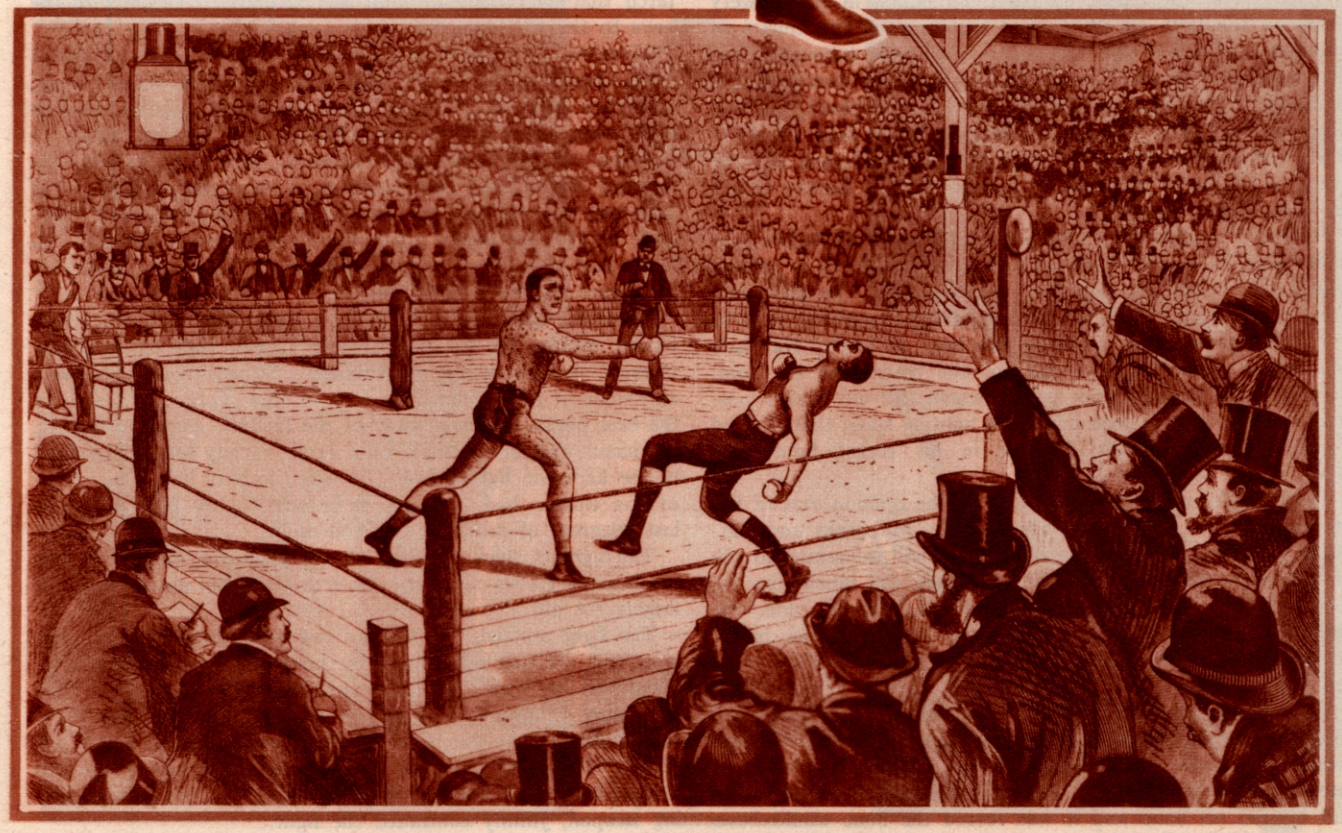
Dan Creedon, who was knocked out by Fitzsimmons in New Orleans

That's where Freckled Bob made a mistake, for hardly had the two been sparring half a minute, when George, with the skill acquired in his acrobatic days, took a flying leap in the air, and banged his lanky opponent fair on the nose with a vicious right, bringing the blood in streams.

Fitz took it good naturedly, and said that if he had a bob, he'd give it to George, but all he had in his pocket was a two bit piece and he might need that for steak and potatoes up in the Poydras Market. Old George Scott, with the weight of more than eighty years on his once sturdy shoulders, is still a fixture around the New Orleans Athletic Club, and he never tires of telling the story of how he brought the claret from the great Fitzsimmons' nose.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS' first great fight was in the Olympic Club on the night of January 14, 1891. He defeated the middleweight champion, Jack Dempsey, the Nonpariel, in 13 rounds. Dempsey never had a chance. They begged him to quit but his lion heart sent him staggering to the scratch each bitter round. Fitzsimmons often refrained from striking him until (*Continued on page* 38)



Peter Maher stopped by Fitzsimmons at the Olympic Club

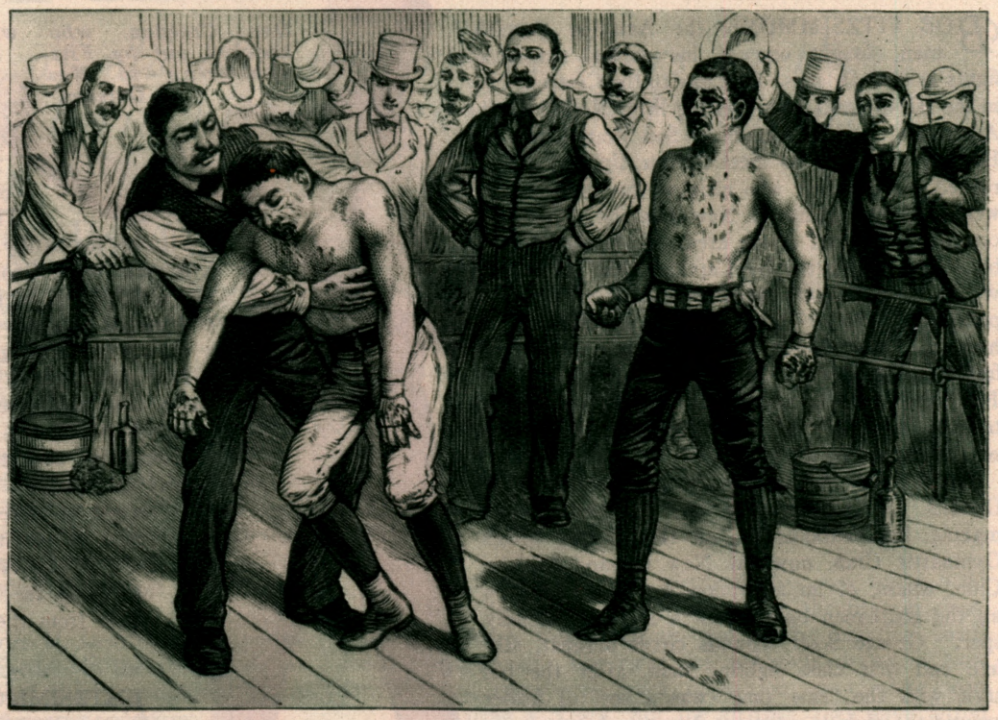
A Dance Hall Thriller

The Story of a Dramatic Contest on Long Island Sound Told by the Oldest Active Sports Writer in the World

By

A. D. PHILLIPS

(The writer of this article has passed his eighty-first birthday and has written sports for more than half a century)—Editor's note.



The end of a perfect day. Lynch and McBride both badly used up and on the verge of collapse. An artist's drawing at the ringside

NEW YORK and its vicinity in the days before Jim Corbett had gained the heavyweight championship, was the scene of many thrilling contests both with and without gloves. There were the battles on the barges, in the barns, on bar-room floors, in the Bowery dives, in the lofts of commercial buildings, in the cellars of churches and where not—but there is no fistic encounter that I've ever seen in the Empire State which, for gameness, the dramatic in pugilism and for the shedding of blood, has had anything on a bout between featherweights on June 17, 1890. Their names were Paddy McBride and Jimmy Lynch and the scene of the hectic mill was in a dance hall at Eureka Grove on Long Island Sound.

Recently, encountering my old friend Jack McAuliffe, the undefeated lightweight champion of that period, as is natural when old timers get together, we discussed the past and present in boxing. Jack, who is one of the few of the days of yore who gives proper credit to the boys of to-day for their ring work as compared to that of the leaders of the past, declared that there is one quality which the old timers possessed that is seldom seen now—the fighting spirit that thrilled the sports as did Billy Petrolle in his recent fight with Battalino.

In fact, McAuliffe, like myself, is of the opinion that of the present corps of ring men, only Petrolle, McLarnin and Battalino are throwbacks to the old school, and he reminded me of a bout we had seen back in 1890 that was much like the recent Garden mill between the Fargo Express and the former featherweight king. And it is that fight, the battle between Lynch and McBride, about which I shall now tell.

Incidentally, that battle took place only a few hours before the opening of the old Madison Square Garden. It was fought in the wee small hours of the morning amidst most interesting surroundings. A few days before the tilt McBride had injured his hand and it was feared the bout would have to be called off. But what mattered an injury in those days!

ON the day of the affair, Lynch, a New Yorker, announced that Jack McAuliffe, Jack Quinn and Jimmy Larkins would second him, and McBride, a Philadelphian, declared that he would be attended by Jock Fogerty, Jack Gallagher and Billy Tees. The interest in the match was at such high pitch that everybody of note was anxious to accompany the boys to the battleground.

However, to prevent police interference, only a few sports were tipped off as to the whereabouts of the battle scene, and they held their secret well until the morning of the mill when they passed the word to the leading lights of Fistiana. A big barge was chartered, but so great was the demand for tickets, that launches, several yachts and a tug were put into use to carry the fans to the battle ground. Despite a $10 admission price, there were plenty of fans on hand and they were tickled silly that they had come, for they were treated to a thriller.

When the clan was gathered in a little dance-hall at Eureka Grove, waiting for the gladiators to appear, they made a very unusual and interesting assemblage. Society people, bankers and some of the big business men in New York City, some of the best porch climbers, some of the luckiest gamblers, artists, musicians and intellectuals of a large variety were assembled in the kerosene lighted hall. It was the first fight that many of the women had seen and it is safe to say they got their last "degree" of initiation the first night.

The fighters soon appeared on the platform and the matter of choosing gloves came up. Both selected kid gloves with the fingers cut off.

The fight started. Lynch did not waste any time in sparring, but set the ball rolling by landing a good right-hander square on McBride's mouth, which brought out cries of "Give it to him, Jimmy," "Now you've got him," and the like.

This first blow was a terror for Paddy, and a terror for Jimmy, too, for after its delivery Lynch realized he had broken his hand. But with his left, which was his better fighting weapon, Jimmy continued the fight.

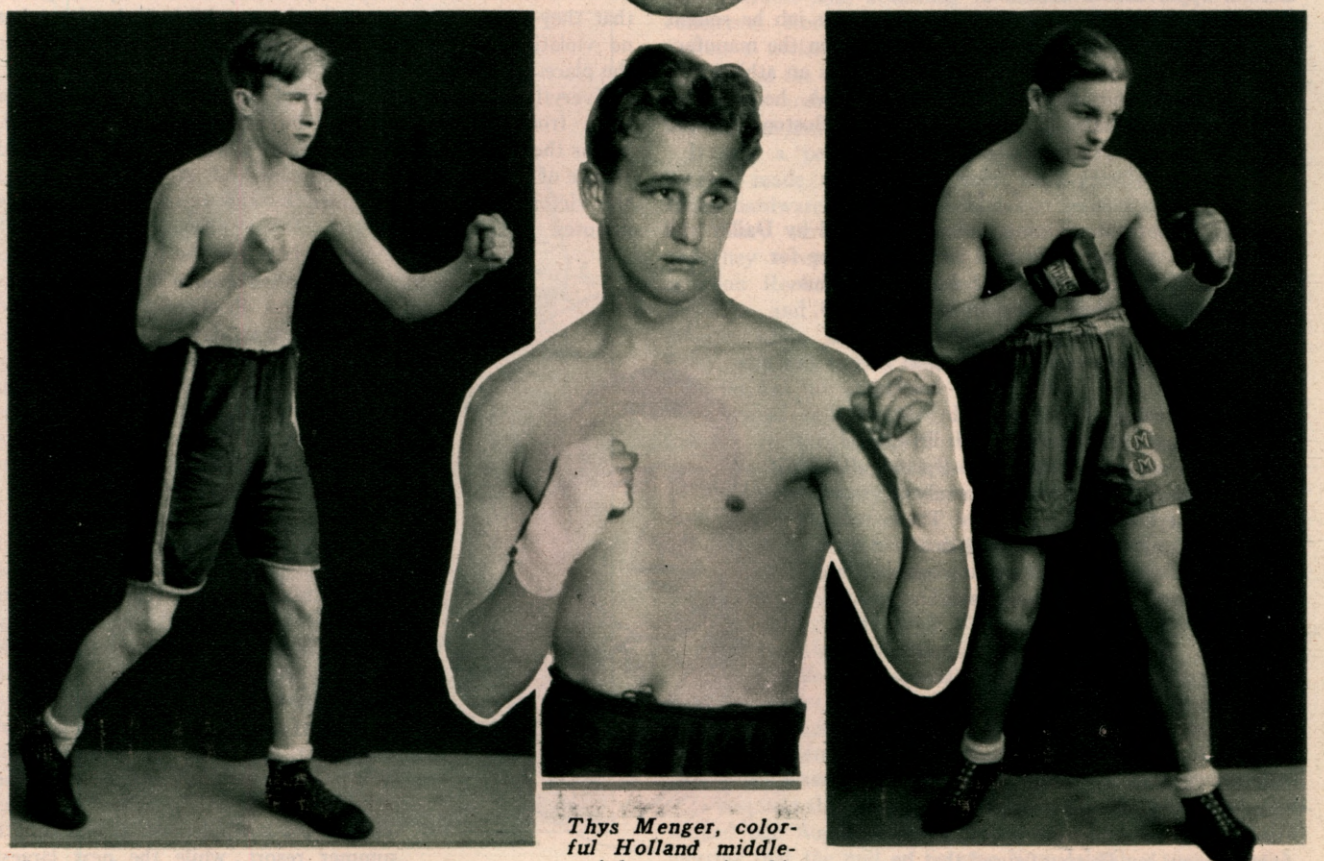
Paddy rushed at Lynch and landed several heavy blows on the body, but received two straight (*Continued on page* 36)

FOREIGN FISTIC STARS

Isidoro "Izzy" Gastanaga, South America's latest heavyweight threat

Archie Sexton, rugged English middleweight

Jack Casey, England's middleweight contender



George Lowe, British flyweight, heralded as another "Jimmy Wilde"

Thys Menger, colorful Holland middleweight, now in this country

Moe Moss, promising English junior welter

CRADLES of BOXING

The Sixteenth of a Series of Articles on Famous Bouts in New England

By DOC ALMY

(Boston's leading boxing authority)

FISTICALLY speaking, Boston had another lapse into the doldrums following the Dailey-Seddons fight, May 13, 1866, in the Swampscott woods, as told in our last story.

For a while there was very little doing aside from the usual amount of sporty chatter, but in September, a new pugilistic hopeful served to brighten up affairs a bit.

This beam of light was Timothy Hussey, a 145-pounder, though rated as a middleweight, of whose intimate history we can find very little trace. He suddenly came to the front in Boston, announced that he was a fighter looking for a customer and was willing to wager on himself. The fact immediately attracted to him a following.

At that time Hussey had no ring record of any consequence, but the fact that he could box some, taken with the noise he made about himself, set the wheels of sport in motion. An opponent must be found for him. His admirers finally had the luck to interest George Rooke of Providence, R. I.

Rooke eventually was to occupy a prominent place in American fistiana—was to claim the American middleweight title and cling to the same until dethroned by Mike Donovan of New York—but in 1866 he was merely a husky chap, a machinist by occupation, who on occasions could sling his fists.

He was an Irishman by birth, having first seen the light in an extremely humble home in Dundalk, County Lough, about 1838. When a boy of three, his parents treked to Birmingham, England, and there in course of time, George was apprenticed to a gunsmith. The American Civil War and its opportunities drew him to The States in 1862, and, after a short stay in New York, he found the job he sought in a Rhode Island machine shop and engaged in the manufacture of rifles for the Union armies. Rooke was an athlete and natural boxer, and, when in September, 1866, he was approached with an offer to take on Hussey of Boston for $100 a side, he readily accepted.

* * *

THE Swampscott fighting ground christened by Dailey and Seddons, seemed to fit well into the picture for the business at hand and there Rooke and Hussey came into violent collision on October 3, 1866. Seemingly the details were regarded as of small consequence by the sport reporters, for other than that Rooke whipped Hussey, bare fists, in 14 rounds lasting 30 minutes, very little was printed concerning the muss. Up to the 11th, though Hussey was merely a novice, he kept Rooke pretty busy. Then the latter came to the front and finally forced the Boston chap to acknowledge that he had met a better man than himself.

Though Hussey had been soundly trounced, the fact in nowise discouraged him. He continued in the game, participated in several minor fights, here and there acted as a trainer and second and on October 17, 1868, again came into ring conflict with Rooke. By that time George had become a formidable fighting man, but Hussey figured that he could whip him. So he journeyed over to New York, in which city Rooke had established himself, and caused several challenges to be printed in the sporting journals.

These brought a quick response from Rooke, a purse of $500 was raised, and on the date mentioned, the pair, with a few retainers, found themselves in a room in the vicinity of Broadway and 55th street, then referred to as "Upper New York." Dan Noble was selected as referee, while Barney Aaron and Matthew "Rocky" Moore attended Rooke, with Joe Coburn and James Collins filling in for Hussey.

The scrap reached the 18th round with Rooke leading the parade when the outside sentinel dashed in crying, "Police!" "Police!" It was no false alarm but the sporty were equal to the occasion. Instead of taking it on the "hotfoot" through the windows and other exits as was usual on such interruptions, they set about to establish the precedent for the scene in one of the later day popular plays wherein a gambling room and speakeasy was suddenly converted into a prayer-meeting while a raid was on.

While some parleyed with the police at the outer portal, Rooke and Hussey were hustled into an upstairs closet. Pillow boxing gloves, which some sport had thought to bring to the scene, were hastily affixed to the hands of Messrs. Coburn and Moore, and, when the police finally burst into the room, they found these worthies engaged in a friendly boxing bout for points.

Dan Noble, the acting master-of-ceremonies, invited the officers to see the bout and make themselves comfortable. This they decided to do, booze and cigars adding to the enjoyment of the occasion. However, it was finally realized by the police that they were on duty, so, having established the fact that no violation of the prize fight laws had occurred, they left the place.

Everything once more serene, Rooke and Hussey came forth from their hiding place intent on resuming the mill, but as the Bostonian was a mess and it was felt that he had no chance of winning, the scrap was called off. Rooke was declared the victor. The time occupied by the actual battle was 38 minutes.

George Rooke

This affair of 1868, given for the purpose of completing the fistic story of Rooke and Hussey, has jumped us a full year ahead of a New England ring event which in its day attracted great attention in this section of the country. So, back we must go to the year 1867, and the battle for the middleweight championship, or, so labelled, between George Rooke and "Rocky" Moore staged on the Isles of Shoals, October 2.

These islands, as some of the readers may be aware, are about 10 miles out at sea from Portsmouth, H N., and, in all probability acquired their name either from the shoal waters on the rocky ledges about them or from the shoals of fish which many years ago furnished a livlihood for the scattered inhabitants. Several of the islands, there are eight in number, are under the jurisdiction of New Hampshire, while the others come within the lines of the State of Maine. The largest is Appledore, at one time a summer resort, while the next largest is Smutty Nose, formerly known as

How George Rooke, an Irishman by Birth, Gained the Spotlight in American Rings

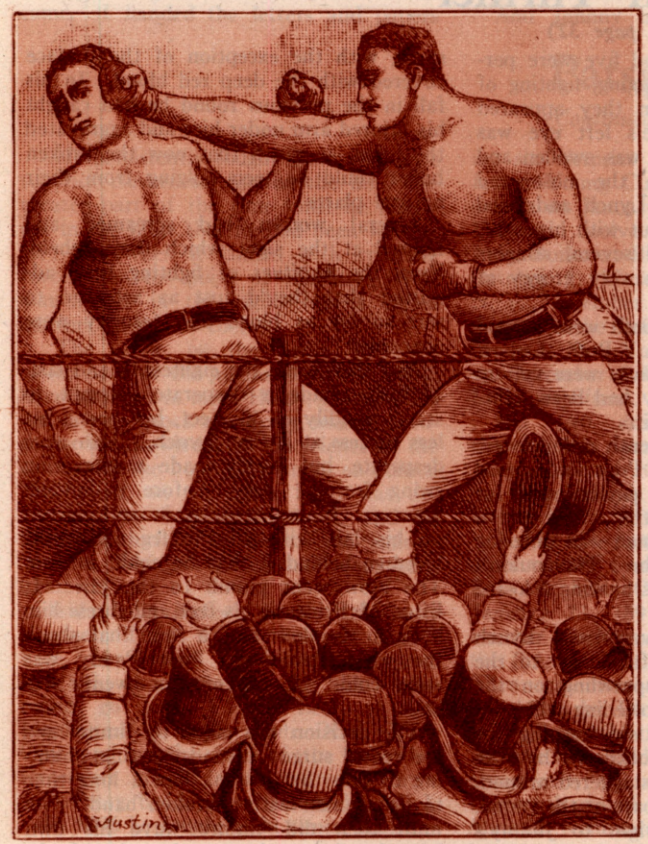
Haley's Island, which is separated from Appledore by a narrow channel.

Smutty Nose is the island that particularly concerns our story. All aside from the fact that it was once the scene of a championship ring encounter, also several other similar affairs, it bears a sinister record which many of the older readers of THE RING may recall. To digress, it was to this island of Smutty Nose that a human skunk, robber and murderer—Louis Wagner—rowed in an open boat from Portsmouth in a winter's night in 1873, performed his dirty work, and then rowed back to the New Hampshire seaport. Insofar as the angle of athletics are concerned, it was a feat which has seldom been duplicated.

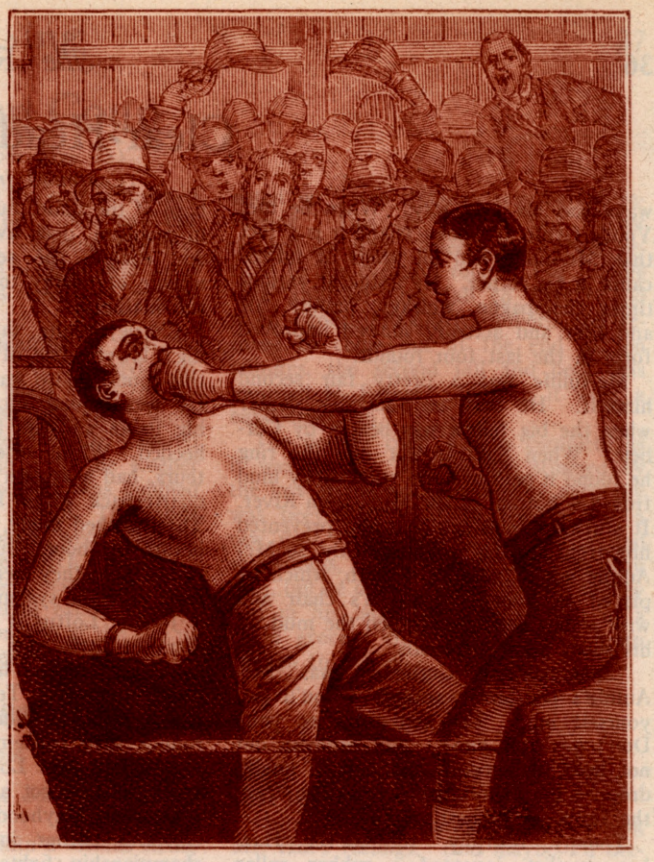
Wagner landed on the island at midnight, crept into the one occupied shack of the three erected there, and, armed with an axe, attacked three defenseless women, the immediate kin of John Hontvet. This man was a fisherman, and, at the time was in Portsmouth with his two associates for the purpose of disposing of their wares. Though the women had more than once befriended Wagner, who for a time had resided on the island, he beat two of them to death and plundered the house of its meagre savings.

One, the wife of Hontvet, escaped through a window and found a secure hiding place in a rocky cleft. Though barefoot and clad in merely a cotton nightrobe, she survived and eventually her testimony in court put the hangman's noose about Wagner's neck in the jail at Alfred, Me.

The warrant for Wagner's execution was signed by Gov. Nelson Dingley, Jr., who about 20 years later became celebrated as the author of a national tariff act—the Dingley Bill. The tragedy at Smutty Nose attracted world-wide attention in its day.



"Rocky" Moore landing a hard right on Rooke's ear.



The fight between Rooke and Tim Hussey in New York City. Rooke lands a left on Hussey's mouth.

THE scene of the Moore-Rooke fight historically, and, we fear, somewhat gruesomely described, the course of events takes the story back to April 9, 1867, when Rooke, now very cocky and full of fight, battled with Charley Collins, an old country lad, known about New York as the "Cast Iron Man." This melee, an affair of $1000, took place on an island in New York harbor, and, according to accounts, was crooked as a corkscrew. Rooke had all the better of the fighting and gave Collins a wicked licking, but he could not whip his man, the referee and the mob. In the 16th round, after they had been at it for one hour, 15 minutes, Referee Bob Corcoran decided that Rooke had committed a foul. He ruled him the loser.

It was a perfectly rotten decision, and Rooke and his backers made a howl, but they were greatly outnumbered. When hardware and blackjacks began to appear, they cooled off. They were given the choice of lumping it or liking it and they accepted the latter course as the better. On this occasion Rooke was seconded by Christopher (Kit Burns) Keyburn and Morris Phalen, with Harry Parker as his umpire, while Johnny Lazarus, of fighting fame, and Butt Riley, who was equally well known, were behind Collins. Mike Costello was his umpire.

Plenty of talk followed this event, with Rooke as chief talkist. At the height of the vocal commotion, he bumped into Dan Noble, the chap mentioned elsewhere as the referee of the Rooke-Hussey fray in a room in New York. At the time Noble was one of the leaders in Gotham's sporty life—one of the real men of the city along his particular lines. Dog fights, cock fights, fighting men and fighting women, all were listed in his repertoire. When not otherwise engaged Noble "bucked the tiger" in John Morrissey's sporting establishment, also was a habitue of other similar places.

Dan was known as one of the coolest, nerviest men in New York, a prototype in many respects of Billy Poole, "The" Allen and others. It is related that on one occasion he bearded the famous Jem Mace—called him hard in front of his own mob—and, wasn't bluffing. Noble wound up in a British jail.

It was into this sporty gentleman that Rooke and his chatter walked one August evening in 1867, and it was out of this meeting that the mill on Smutty Nose Island, a spot probably unknown to either at that particular time, came about.

Clear-Headed Seconds

(*Continued from page* 13)

ways had his own way. When he met Young Griffo at Coney Island it is a fact that McAuliffe had all kinds of intoxicants in his corner. He drank at various times champagne, whiskey, brandy, ale and beer and actually showed improved form in the last four rounds.

McAuliffe was a pretty fair second himself. He was in Sullivan's corner when the big fellow was beaten by Corbett. When Sullivan got into the ring he found it packed down with sticky mud from the bottom of the Mississippi River. It stuck to John L.'s feet and prevented him from moving around quickly, so McAuliffe got a piece of oilcloth, which he placed in front of Sullivan's chair and with a dull knife he scraped the mud off his shoes between rounds.

"Stop chasing Corbett!" was McAuliffe's constant warning. "You'll tire yourself out! Let him come to you! Don't go after him!" But Sullivan did not heed his second's advice and finally dropped more from exhaustion than from the force of Corbett's blows.

Tommy Murphy, the clever Harlem pugilist, invented a rubber collar packed with ice which his seconds placed around the back of his neck between rounds. He said it acted quickly as a reviver at the top of the spine.

All good seconds know how beneficial a sponge soaked in ice water is to a man in the heat of battle when applied to the base of the brain, but the ice collar, new in pugilism, does away with the sponge and enables the seconds to devote a minute of energy to some other part of the anatomy.

Charley White, father of Max Schmeling's lawyer, one of the best referees in this country, also was a high-class second. He was behind Fitzsimmons in several big fights and his advice was generally heeded. White, when handling the amateurs, had a system of signals such as a quarterback gives in a football game. They worked finely in the dressing room before the bouts, but as the young pugs forgot what they meant in the ring, White soon gave the system up in disgust.

Johnny Loftus is one of the best handlers of little men in this part of the country. He has handled nearly all of them, including Terry McGovern and Leach Cross. When Cross boxed six rounds with Harlem Tommy Murphy a year ago it was Loftus who kept Cross going until he got a draw.

Charley Mayhood, who was in McGovern's corner in nearly all Terry's championship fights, was another good second, also George Munroe, and Johnny Loftus who seconded Leach Cross in many fights.

While Tommy Ryan made a mess behind Sharkey he was the man who taught James J. Jeffries how to box and fight with clever judgment. Ryan helped to train Jeff for his first contest with Fitzsimmons and planned the battle for him in the ring at Coney Island. Ryan was also behind Jeff part of the fight on the night he beat Corbett in 23 rounds at Coney Island.

Stanley Ketchel's first victory over Philadelphia Jack O'Brien was partially due to the sarcastic scoring he received from me, one of his handlers. When Ketchel came to his corner after the seventh round, having received a solid punching from the Quaker, I jumped on the edge of the ring and leaning over the ropes, little as I was, I said to the Michigan Lion:

"So you're a fighter, eh? Why, you big mutt, you can't lick a small boy! You're a joke! That's all! Go in and fight like a wildcat or get out of town before you are a laughing stock. O'Brien is an old man and can't hurt you! Take a chance!"

This sally cut Ketchel to the quick, and scowling at me, he rushed out of his corner with blood in his eye. He beat O'Brien to the floor finally and after the fight he hunted me up.

"I told you I could fight," said Ketchel seriously. I laughed as I shook him by the hand and replied:

"I knew you could too, Ketch, but you needed the pepper box, so I gave it to you!"

A second can win or lose a fight.

A Dance Hall Thriller

(*Continued from page* 32)

lefts on the body and another on the mouth for his pains. First blood was claimed and allowed for Lynch.

On returning to his corner, Lynch realized his misfortune. It was very painful, and he said to his seconds: "Keep away from my right hand, boys, as much as possible. It's gone."

Lynch used his left so cleverly that not a soul except his seconds realized the true state of affairs. Every few moments Jimmy would bring the maimed right into play and slightly wince under the terrific pain that its use caused.

Round three featured another dramatic turn to the fight. It was noticed that Lynch was getting a little the better of things, and particularly that McBride was not using his left. His opponent's seconds soon became convinced that that hand was broken and, incidentally, that things were not only evened up but in favor of Jimmy. It was a well-known fact that Jimmy's left was a terror and that Paddy's right was not the better of his two maulers.

Paddy was game to the core. He had broken his hand, and unfortunately for him, every one knew it. He did not know that Lynch was suffering the same handicap. If he had, he would have known that he had about as good a chance as his adversary, but under the conditions, he couldn't help but feel that he was about as well as beaten and he fought on.

Rounds three, four and five were periods of real old-time slugging, fighting of the fiercest sort. When they appeared for round six, McBride's left eye was partially closed, his jaw was swollen and he was bleeding from the nose and mouth. He rushed at Lynch and tried his best to knock him out with his right. He did manage to land several stingers on Lynch and had him very groggy at the sound of the bell.

By the tenth round both were bathed in each other's blood. Both had a maimed eye and their faces were cut up as much as though they had been fighting with barbed wire mitts.

The tenth to the fifteenth rounds were all in favor of Lynch. Poor Paddy was practically beaten by psychology, for neither he nor any of the crowd had a chance to know that Lynch was suffering the same difficulty as he. He couldn't help but feel that he was fighting a losing battle.

Twice during the seventeenth, Lynch hooked his powerful left square to the jaw and sent Paddy sprawling on the floor. Paddy was bleeding like a wounded toreador and was gasping for breath. After each knockdown he rose shakily to his feet and staggered around. Once, during the latter part of the round, he brought a terrific right to Jimmy's jaw and sent him to the resined surface.

When time was called for the end of the seventeenth, Jimmy was as white as snow, with the exception of the surface covered with the deep red blood. In his fall in the previous round he had caught his injured arm under him and aggravated the break so much that now the broken bones could be seen bulging from their natural places.

Several women had screamed and fainted at the sight which they beheld. Even the *habitues* of fighting halls admitted that they'd just as soon go to war so far as blood and ferocity were concerned.

And then came the eighteenth and last. McBride made a desperate attempt to stand steadily on his feet, but had a bit less success at it than Lynch. Both were desperate, but Paddy made a staggering swing for the jaw. Before it landed, however, Jimmy stepped in and curved up his left with all the leg and waist leverage behind it that he could muster. The blow went plumb to the jaw. It lifted McBride off his feet and threw him back to the floor with a thud that shook the whole building. Poor Paddy was stone cold. He was out for twenty seconds.

The decision was given to Jimmy and the crowd surged around the ring, shouting to him that it took him a long time to lick a man with a broken hand. Not until then did Jimmy wave his own busted wrist to the crowd, and with the protruding bones it made a ghastly sight.

Such were the fights in the old days.

A Betting Coup

(Continued from page 23)

then claimant to the world's Graeco-Roman wrestling championship, and now the leading wrestling referee in New York. It was a match that was staged on April 29, 1901, in Boston, and the scandal that followed put the mat sport out of business in the Bay State for many years.

Roeber, a great wrestler in his prime, had just completed a tour of the country in which he made many one-night stands in a theatrical combination and naturally, having just returned, he felt too tired to engage in a match with the tough Parker. He was overweight and unprepared for a contest and asked to be excused until a further date, but as Parker had already advertised such a contest and had ballyhooed it, to oblige him, Ernest consented to show his wares in an exhibition. But to Roeber's surprise, when he entered the ring, he learned that Parker insisted on a best two out of three falls match. Eugene Buckley, the referee, who until recently was head of the Massachusetts Boxing Commission, was the referee.

There was an outpouring of fans, so popular was Parker. At the advice of Parker's friends, who were in on the secret of Roeber's poor condition, thousands of dollars were secretly wagered that Parker would win. All the Roeber money that came into sight was gobbled up by Parker and his friends. Thousands and thousands of dollars were wagered on the outcome of the match.

For one hour Roeber, despite his condition, gave a wonderful exhibition and more than held his own and at the end of the hour, as per agreement, Roeber insisted on a ten minutes rest before resuming. This the referee and Parker refused to grant, whereupon Roeber retired to his dressing room. The referee then awarded first fall to Parker and when Ernest remained stubborn and refused to come out at the end of ten minutes, the second fall and bout was awarded to Parker, and with it went a handsome sum.

The betting coup was as complete as it was daring. Roeber was stunned by the loss of the match and quite naturally was peeved at what he termed was a raw deal. Parker, with his ability and shrewdness, should have retired a wealthy man, but he didn't. He lost all his money and in his later years he worked in a chain grocery store in Florida to earn enough to live on.

Boxing's "Mosquito Fleet"

(Continued from page 25)

absolute mania for the race-track.

In Manila, where he was featherweight champion, Johnny had purchased a couple of the tiny Batangas ponies which are raced in the Philippines. One of them was named "Old Pete", and the other "Ace". Johnny entered them regularly in the Manila races, and backed them with every peso that he could earn, beg or borrow.

But "Old Pete" and "Ace" lost with monotonous regularity.

Two days after Johnny arrived in Chicago, a big batch of mail from Manila came. I handed the letters and papers to Johnny, and he sat down to read his mail.

Suddenly he broke into a vicious string of lurid curses. I gazed at him in amazement. "What's the matter?" I asked, in much concern. "Something wrong?"

"Here—read dot!" he yelled, and he shoved a newspaper clipping under my nose.

The day after Johnny had left Manila, both his horses had won races! "Old Pete" had come in first, at odds of 40 to 1, and the other horse, "Ace", had won at odds of 10 to 1.

And Johnny had not had a solitary dime bet on either one.

Horse-players can appreciate young Mr. Hill's feelings. And maybe I'd better get off the subject of horses, myself —I'm a bigger sap than Hill where horses are concerned.

Anyway, Hill's first fight in America was against a little English kid named Billy Humphreys, under Charley Harvey's management. All Hill got was a draw. He was knocked down for a count of nine in the first round, and Humphreys was not considered much of a puncher. After the fight, Hill complained that he was very weak.

Patsy Haley

(Continued from page 17)

"He persistently fought against Haley's superior cleverness, forcing the issue the greater part of the time until he finally got in the blow that he had been waiting for; and when it landed with crushing force upon the point of the little Irishman's chin in the eighteenth it ended matters then and there.

"The battle, on the whole, was one which none of the pugilistic *savants* could have afforded to miss. Haley, realizing his inability to knock out Terry, mustered together all knowledge of the science of the game with the hope of winning on points. McGovern, on the other hand was determined to land a knockout, and he fought with that sturdiness and aggressiveness which characterizes the born fighter."

Aside from Haley's bouts with Oscar Gardner, Terry McGovern and Austin Rice, he fought the following men: In 1895, on October 28, he lost a ten-round go with Casper Leon at the Manhattan Athletic Club, New York City, and on the 18th of the following December fought a fifteen-round draw with Patsy Broderick at Pawtucket, R. I.

In 1896 he fought eight times, registering six victories and two draws; he defeated Young Curtis in Buffalo in eight rounds on January 6; Patsy Broderick at Boston in twelve rounds on February 10; Luke Burke at Buffalo in twenty rounds, October 5; Maxey Haugh at Brooklyn, N. Y., November 14, in eight rounds; two days later he defeated "Sisto" of Providence at New York in seven rounds, and on December 5 Kid Madden at Corona, L. I., in fifteen.

His two draws were with Gene O'Donnell in fourteen rounds at Buffalo, N. Y., January 20, and with John Regan in three rounds at Danielson, Conn., December 29, 1896.

Austin Rice met defeat at Haley's hands after twenty rounds of scrapping at the Polo Athletic Club, New York City, January 23, 1897. Maxey Haugh took another beating on February 10, 1897, at the Polo Athletic Club in twenty rounds. Then came two defeats in the form of knockouts by Dave Sullivan. Both were at the Polo Athletic Club, New York City, and the first, held on February 17 of the same year, was ended by Dave in the thirteenth round, and the next, held on April 28, terminated in the twenty-second round, when Patsy again took the count.

Patsy then took a trip to England which was intended to be solely for pleasure, but he was matched to box Will Curley, who defeated him at Newcastle, November 8, 1897, in twenty rounds.

Here's one of Haley's favorite stories: "Young Corbett and I were walking along Surf avenue at Coney Island one afternoon when we met Terry McGovern and two fine-looking young chaps accompanying him. I said 'Come on in and have a drink.' So we went into a cafe on the boardwalk and in the course of our conversation one of the young fellows said: 'Patsy, who in your estimation is the best feather-weight that ever lived—Corbett or McGovern?"

" 'Neither,' I said, without thinking a moment. 'George Dixon was the greatest featherweight of all time. I have refereed for Dixon; I have fought McGovern and have seen Corbett fight. I ought to know.'

"Corbett agreed with me instantly, but the remark took the wind out of Terry, who looked startled, thought a minute and then said:

" 'Put a check after that "Pats"; you're right again'."

RING Readers Attention—Owing to the difference in exchange, no foreign orders for subscriptions or books will be honored unless your order is accompanied either by American currency or its equivalent in value.

Cradles of Boxing

(*Continued from page* 31)

at last Long Bob found it necessary to give the courageous Irishman the *coup de grace*. Prof. Duffy tolled the fatal ten over a feebly struggling body on the bloody packed river sand of the ring and a new title holder was crowned.

Fitzsimmons was close to defeat in that same Olympic Club on the night of March 2, 1892, when Peter Maher, the Irish Sensation, who was being groomed for a try at the heavyweight championship was his opponent. Maher, toward the close of the first round, fetched Fitz such a right hand clout on the jaw, that Fitz dropped unconscious, his head and shoulders extending from the ring, under the lower rope.

The gong rang at nine of Referee Duffy's count, and Joe Choynski, the Cornishman's second, rushed around the side ropes, picked his principal up bodily and carried him to his chair. To bring Fitz too in time for the next bell, Choynski nearly bit a hole in the lanky fellow's ear. Bob came up groggy for the second but stalled through beautifully, and partially recovering his strength, he smashed Maher about the face so much that the Irishman's nose was like a sponge soaked in blood. Peter couldn't stand it. He had thrown his chance of victory away, and in the twelfth round, his second shied in the towel.

Charley Noel, Captain Frank Williams and other big sporting men, formerly directors of the Olympic Club, had a falling out with the rest of the Board, and started the Crescent City Athletic Club out in Canal Street, in opposition to the Olympic. A frame arena was built at great expense, and early in 1893, the fight of the century was announced—a finish go between Bob Fitzsimmons and the great Australian Jim Hall, who claimed to have beaten Fitz in Australia. These men met in the Crescent City Athletic Club on the night of March 10 for a $40,000 purse, the largest purse ever offered.

It was a magnificent display of boxing for three rounds and then in the fourth, Fitz's fatal right banged into Hall's jaw, just at the chin, and Hall fell like a bullock hit with a butcher's maul. He was out for three quarters of an hour.

The fight was a failure as a big drawing card, and the Club could not pay the purse. Fitz got a few thousand dollars and Hall a like amount. There was never a question of the honesty of the Club's promoters, it was simply a business failure and that was all.

The day after the fight Fitz went to the naturalization office in the Federal Court Building in Camp Street and applied for his first American citizenship papers.

(*Continued next month.*)

—And Now for a Return Bout

(*Continued from page* 5)

By filling the gigantic bowl in Long Island City the Garden not only made a most impressive start in its new venture but placed money into circulation for hundreds of tradesmen and many unemployed.

It also gained thousands of new boxing patrons, who, for the first time since outdoor boxing was inaugurated by the Garden on a large scale, found that they could see at the bowl from any seat. Thus the Garden officials have reason to be thankful; Sharkey has reason to be grateful and the fans are cheerful because an arena has been built that is suitable for the sport they support.

Now that supremacy, so far as the New York Boxing Commission is concerned, has been established between Sharkey and Schmeling, let's see what the future has in store. Aside from Sharkey and Schmeling there are few outstanding heavyweights who can draw 'em in at the gate. There is Ernie Schaaf, who is in the same stable with Sharkey, but Ernie lost to Stanley Poreda. Then there are Mickey Walker, who held Sharkey to a fifteen-round draw, but was trounced by Johnny Risko; Primo Carnera who was whipped by Sharkey and recently lost a decision to Larry Gains, the Canadian Negro; Young Stribling, who has lost to Sharkey, Schmeling and Schaaf; Max Baer, who has been beaten a number of times by ordinary fighters; King Levinsky, who is merely a wild swinger and has no place among the topnotchers, and Lee Ramage, Steve Hamas and Charley Retzlaff, none of whom figure.

Risko and Poreda have had ups and downs, but may revive interest. They must now be given consideration.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(*Continued from page* 27)

Stribling tilt in Cleveland.

The men who reported the recent fight over a world-wide network, made it appear from the very start that Schmeling was so far outclassing Sharkey that there was no contest. They kept telling their listeners that Schmeling was chasing Sharkey all over the ring, that Sharkey was missing almost every attempt and that the Boston Gob was simply outclassed. As a matter of fact those were far from the facts.

I blame the radio men for most of the trouble that has arisen and that has proved so costly for boxing. The officials in the fight, Messrs. Smith, Mathison and Kelly, I again declare, are three honest, honorable men who could not be bought. They rendered the verdict as they saw it. The bout was extremely close, few of the scribes among the 300 or more having more than one or two rounds, at most, difference in the final count. Hence why call the decision a steal. It was not. Each verdict, that of the referee and judges, was an honest decision rendered by three capable men.

So that's that, Mabel.

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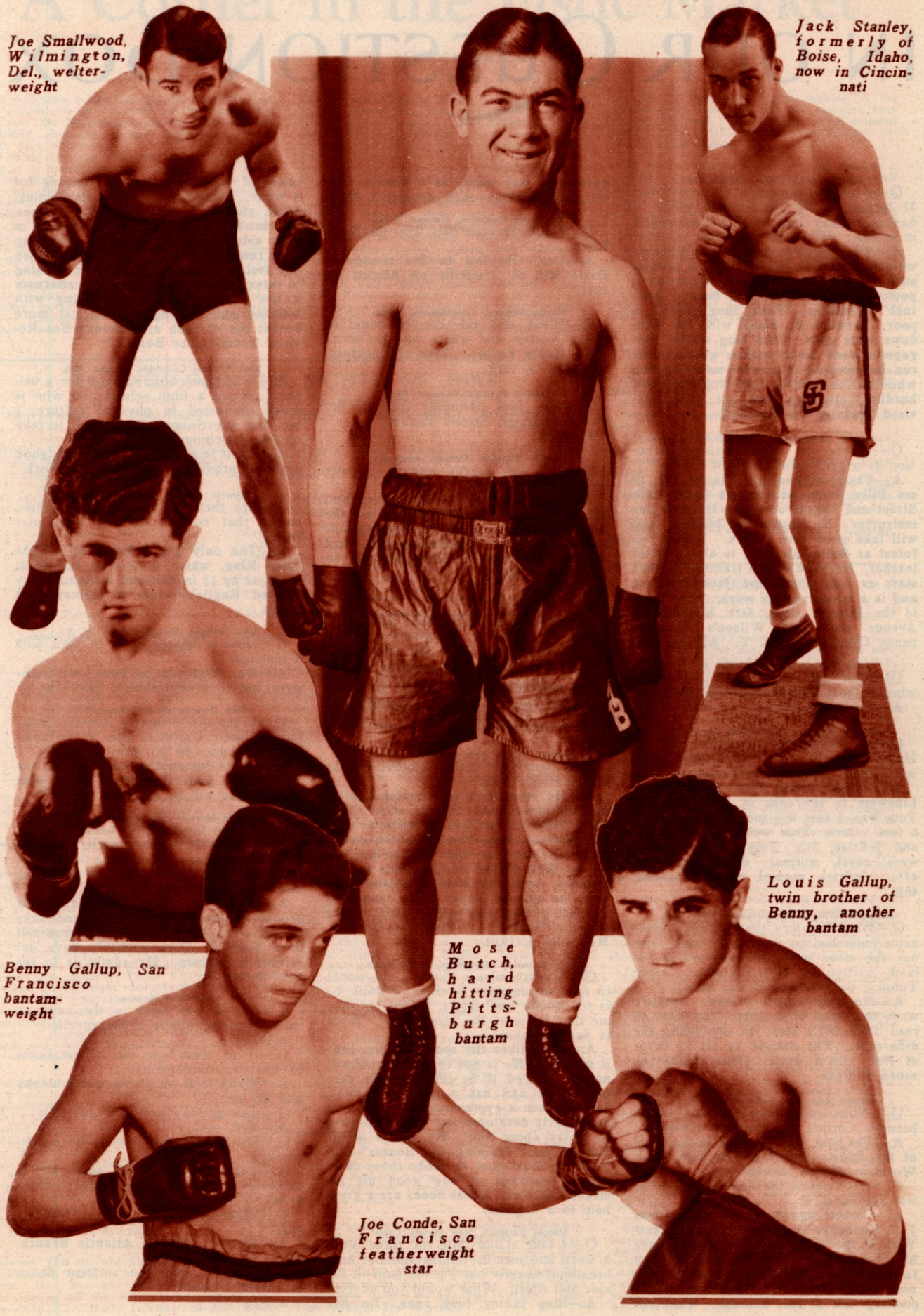

Joe Smallwood, Wilmington, Del., welterweight

Jack Stanley, formerly of Boise, Idaho, now in Cincinnati

Louis Gallup, twin brother of Benny, another bantam

Benny Gallup, San Francisco bantamweight

Mose Butch, hard hitting Pittsburgh bantam

Joe Conde, San Francisco featherweight star

IN OUR QUESTION BOX

Frank Wolman, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Q.—I am 168 pounds and stand 5 feet 11 inches. Is my reach of 75 good? I have a normal chest of 38 and expanded, it is 40½. What do you think of that?

A.—Your reach is great. Many heavyweights would be tickled silly to possess such a reach but your chest expansion is poor. You should have at least a four-inch expansion. Your lung power is poor. Develop it. Sleep with the windows wide open. Take long walks. Engage in road work with a quarter mile run followed by a quarter mile jog and while on the road do leap frog exercises, hurdling, climbing trees, etc. See "Revised Training for Boxing."

Harry Chaminsky, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Where can I get boxing instruction at a gymnasium in New York?

A.—There are several places. Go to see Billy Grupp at Grupp's Gym, 116th Street and Eighth Avenue. He is a fine instructor. He knows his business and will take good care of you. Jimmy Deforest at Stillman's Gym is also a great teacher. He handled the training of such stars as Luis Firpo and Jack Dempsey and is a master in his work. Then there is the Pioneer Gym, 44th St. and 9th Avenue and Gus Wilson's Training camp, Orangeburg, N. Y. All are fine.

Anne Wilson, New Rochelle, N. Y.

Q.—How tall was James J. Corbett when he beat Sullivan and won the title?

A.—Six feet 1 inch.

Herman Talafero, The Bronx, N. Y. C.

Q.—Was Sharkey as tall as Jeffries? How much did each weigh and what were their chest measurements?

A.—If you mean Tom Sharkey, no. Likewise in the case of Jack Sharkey. Tom was 5 feet 8½ inches and Jeffries, 6 feet 1 inch. Tom weighed 190 pounds and Jeffries, 213. Tom's measurements were chest, normal, 42¾; expanded, 47¼. Jeffries, normal, 42½; expanded, 46¾.

Margaret Wilson, Mamaroneck, New York.

Q.—Was the story that Collier's magazine published on the life of Gene Tunney the same story that appears in the book written by Nat Fleischer, "Gene Tunney, the Enigma of the Ring"?

A.—No, Margaret. Gene couldn't write that kind of a story. You have to read Fleischer's story to appreciate the difference. The margin is all in favor of Nat. As a writer, Gene thinks too much of Gene.

Harry Johnston, Milwaukee, Wis.

Q.—When and where was the match between Corbett and Sullivan arranged?

A.—The bout was arranged in the office of the Sports Editor of the New York World on March 15, 1892.

Q.—Who signed the articles and what was the purse?

A.—Corbett signed and his witness was J. C. Kennedy. Sullivan was not in New York at the time and he agreed to have his friend and backer, Jim Wakely sign for him. John McDonough was his witness. The stake was $10,000, each depositing half of that amount. When the agreement was made, as a binder, Corbett and Wakely each deposited $2500.

Henriquez Gonzales, Havana, Cuba.

Q.—Did Carpentier ever fight the Dixie Kid?

A.—Yes. He lost in five rounds to Dixie Kid at Trouville on August 29, 1911.

Martin Havern, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Q.—What was the correct name of Harry Forbes and where was he born?

A.—Harry Forbes. Born at Rockford, Ill., May 13, 1879.

Mabel Phillips, Chicago, Ill.

Q.—Was Jack Dempsey married before he married Estelle Taylor?

A.—Yes.

Charles Fletcher, Sydney, Australia.

Q.—Did Les Darcy engage in any fights in New York?

A.—No. He tried to obtain a bout, but Governor Whitman, acting on the complaints of service organizations banned the great Australian, who died shortly after from an illness brought on by a broken heart.

IMPORTANT NOTICE

No answers will be sent by mail unless a stamped and self-addressed envelope is enclosed with your questions.

Harvey Tiller, New Brunswick, N. J.

How long did Stanley Ketchel rule as middleweight king?

A.—He was declared champion after his twenty-round victory over Jack Twin Sullivan at San Francisco, Cal., February 22, 1908, lost it on September 7 of that same year when he was knocked out by Billy Papke in 12 rounds at Los Angeles; regained it two months later when he stopped Papke in 11 rounds of a return contest and held it until he was shot by Walter A. Dipley at Conway, Mo., July 5, 1910.

Mrs. Frank A. Stevenson, Tulsa, Okla.

Q.—My boy, who is 15 years old, wants to take up amateur boxing. I think he is too young and object, but he informs me that he is of the proper age. What is your opinion?

A.—If he likes the sport, let him take it up now. He is not to young and will not be injured if he takes proper care of himself and has a good instructor. Let him join a gymnasium where he can be properly developed and you'll not have to worry about him. My advice is for him to get "Training for Boxers" and "How to Box" and to study these carefully, regardless of how good his instructor may be. These books are a great help to a beginner.

Harold Furnhall, New Haven, Conn.

Q.—I take a four-mile run three times a week and usually find myself not only breathing heavily but I get a pain in the side and chest. What would you advise?

A.—Stop taking long runs. Do five miles of walking instead of running for a while. Your wind requires developing. Walk and jump the rope. Climb trees, but don't run for a while. The pain in your side has been caused by overdoing your running. It will soon let up. When you feel o. k. again, reduce your running to three miles twice a week and alternate a few hundred yards of running with walking and leaping. You'll get more benefit out of such a workout. See Revised Training for Boxers."

Joan Thelma Coolridge, Omaha, Neb.

Q.—Is bag punching harmful for a woman? I am a high school girl who is much interested in physical culture. I box and wrestle and now I want to take up bag punching.

A.—No it is not harmful. It is a good exercise provided you don't overwork.

Harris Gordon, Boston, Mass.

Q.—Are there any boxing books published that contain colored fight pictures?

A.—The only one I know of is The Prize Ring, which is a very big book, about 12 by 15 inches, and contains many colored English prints of fighters and fights.

John Willard, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

Q.—Does a fighter have to sign with a manager?

A.—No. You can be your own manager, but it is advisable to have one.

Jack Bowers, New Orleans, La.

Q.—When one wants to join the Amateur Athletic Union to box as an amateur, how does he go about it?

A.—Write for application blank to the A. A. U. in your vicinity. A blank with instructions will be sent you.

Harold Marcus, San Francisco, Cal.

Q.—I have been lifting heavy weights in order to build up my muscles and find that every time I raise the barbell, I get a stitch in the side and in the groin. How can I overcome that?

A.—You're treading on dangerous ground. Stop weight lifting and take lighter exercises or you'll find yourself in a hospital. You probably have developed a rupture. My advice is to see your doctor.

A Ring Reader.

Q.—Can a boy fight in the amateur ranks without joining a boxing club?

A.—Yes.

Q.—If so, then how can he get bouts in amateur tournaments?

A.—Write to A. A. U. for entry blanks and fill out.

Q.—Can he have a gym of his own?

A.—Yes.

Q.—Must an amateur boxer have a license?

A.—Yes, from A. A. U. only. Get a card by registering unattached. Price $1.00.

Q.—Where can I get one in Philadelphia?

A.—Write to Middle Atlantic Branch, A. A. U., Philadelphia.

Q—How old must an amateur boxer be to get a license?

A.—16.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

IT will take a long time before the discussion will subside on the merits of the verdict that gave the heavyweight championship to Jack Sharkey after his spirited fifteen-round battle with Max Schmeling.

I think that Schmeling won by a clear margin and it is beyond our comprehension how Judge George Kelly and Referee Gunboat Smith could honestly take the title away from Schmeling. Those mysteries will remain unsolved from the public eye but men in the inside are well aware of the happenings that transpired prior to the fight.

In the ratings, Sharkey takes Schmeling's place as the heavyweight leader while Max will have to content himself with official challenger No. 1. In other heavyweight battles of the month: Ernie Schaaf whipped Tony Galento. Mickey Walker scored over Paulino Uzcudun. Larry Gains stepped into elite company through his victory over Primo Carnera. Hans Birkie was beaten by Charley Retzlaff and Isadoro Gastanaga.

Young Stribling defeated Johnny Freeman and kayoed Big Sid Terris in five rounds. Lee Ramage disposed of Wally Hunt in five rounds. Paul Swiderski whipped Al Morro and was beaten by Fred Lenhart. Arthur DeKuh won from Bob Moody. Arthur Huttick scored over Natie Brown. Tuffy Griffiths kayoed Jack Roper in the first session. Pierre Charles won the European heavyweight championship from Hein Muller. Ted Sandwina was beaten by Stanley Poreda and Salvatore Ruggirello. Don McCorkindale kayoed Maurice Griselle in three rounds. Jimmy Braddock whipped Vincent Parille and Charley Massera kayoed Jack Kearns in four sessions.

In the light-heavyweight class, Maxey Rosenbloom was beaten by Tony Shucco over the light-heavyweight limit but won from Reds Barry, Larry Johnson and Sam Weiss. Lew Scozza defeated Georgie Nichols. Billy Jones kayoed Dave Maier in six rounds. Joe Knight scored over Willie Oster and Charley Belanger. Belanger won from Jack McCarthy. George Manley kayoed Eddie Hall in one round. Bob Olin whipped Dick Fullam. Roy Wallace defeated Charley Arthurs. Tiger Jack Payne kayoed Denny Lenhart in five rounds. Tait Littman whipped Rosy Rosales and Leo Duncan knocked out Jimmy Britt in five rounds.

Marcel Thil clinched his right to the world's middleweight title by his victory over Gorilla Jones. He won on a foul in eleven rounds after leading all the way. Vince Dundee won from Matt Rice, Bucky Lawless and Abie Bain. Paul Pirrone kayoed Henry Goldberg in two heats. Sammy Kid Slaughter disposed of Bud Saltis in six rounds. Jack Kilbourne scored over Martin Levandowski, kayoed Harry Harris in one round but was beaten by Angel Cliville. Tommy Freeman won from Buck McTiernan. Johnny Oakey whipped Enzo Fiermonte. Henry Firpo won over Rudy Marshall.

Among the welterweights, King Tut kayoed Frankie Burns in three rounds and whipped Johnny Martin. Lou Brouillard kayoed Harry Kid Wallace in two rounds. Joey Goodman won over Cerefino Garcia. Young Jack Thompson defeated Leonard Bennett. Tiger Roy Smith disposed of Harry Wallach in two sessions. Andy Di Vodi defeated Jimmy Evans and kayoed Paddy Creedon in seven rounds. Bucky Jones won over Eduardo Duarry and Lew Raymond. Relampago Saguero kayoed Young Russell in seven rounds. Sammy Mandell defeated Frankie Diaz. Jimmy Belmont won from Billy Holt and Paulie Walker drew with Davey Grove.

Billy Petrolle, fighting at the junior-welterweight limit, won over Tommy Grogan, who was previously kayoed by Goldie Hess in one round. Tony Herrera scored over Eddie Kid Wolfe. Wolfe whipped Philly Griffin. Steve Haliako won over Phil Rafferty. Young Firpo defeated Buster Brown. Joe Glick won over Gaston Le Cadre and Jackie Purvis. Marty Gornick kayoed Ray Collins in 6 rounds. Baby Sal Sario kayoed Mushy Callahan in six rounds.

Tony Canzoneri, stepping out of the lightweight class, disposed of Battling Gizzy in five rounds and whipped Harry Dublinsky. Lew Massey drew with Bobby Brady. Wesley Ramey defeated Santiago Zorilla. Tony Falco scored over Pat Igo. Johnny Jadick whipped Herman Folins. Tracey Cox, making his entry into the lightweight ranks, kayoed Dominick Petrone in six rounds and Herman Perlick in eight. Billy Wallace disposed of Frank Bokorski in ten rounds. Ray Miller whipped Johnny Datto. Eddie Cool stopped Tony Caragliano in seven rounds and Prince Saunders drew with Mickey Duris. Young Zazzerino stopped Dominick Petrone in the tenth session.

Kid Chocolate, head of the junior lightweights, engaged in a busy month by beating Roger Bernard, Lew Feldman, Steve Smith and Mike Sarko. Al Foreman kayoed Jim Travis in four rounds. Benny Bass whipped Harry Dublinsky and drew with Harry Carlton. Davey Abad scored over Tony Leto and Jose Estrada. Miki Gelb whipped Ray Meyers.

Fidel La Barba takes head ranking in the featherweight class through his victories over Tommy Paul and Varias Milling. Paul defeated Johnny Pena. Eddie Shea kayoed Santiago Zorilla in seven rounds.

Al Brown, bantam leader, is going through a strenuous campaign in Europe. He drew with Nel Tarleton and whipped Francois Machtens, Eugene Huat and Luigi Quadrini. Baby Arizmendi won from Newsboy Brown. Young Tommy drew with Abie Israel. Ross Fields kayoed Clair Repole in the sixth round. Emile Pladner kayoed Augie Ruggiere in seven rounds and whipped Willie Davies. K. O. Morgan disposed of Ruby Bradley in one round.

Midget Wolgast, flyweight ruler, scored over Tony Marino and Marty Gold. Babe Triscaro won from Frisco Grande.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH OF JUNE

The following are my ratings for the month ending June 21:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights	Junior-Welterweights
World's Champion Jack Sharkey	World's Champion Maxey Rosenbloom	World's Champion Marcel Thil	World's Champion Jackie Fields	World's Champion Sammy Fuller
1 Max Schmeling	Tony Shucco	Vince Dundee	Billy Petrolle	Billy Petrolle
2—Ernie Schaaf	Billy Jones	Frank Battaglia	Young Corbett	Jack Kid Berg
3—Mickey Walker	Lew Scozza	Sammy Slaughter	Johnny Indrisano	Battling Battalino
4—Larry Gains	Harry Ebbets	Dave Shade	Jimmy McLarnin	Manuel Quintero
5—Primo Carnera	George Nichols	Gorilla Jones	Lou Brouillard	Tony Herrera
6—Max Baer	Dave Maier	Young Terry	King Tut	Eddie Kid Wolfe
7—King Levinsky	Adolph Heuser	Paul Pirrone	Teddy Yarosz	Steve Haliako
8—Lee Ramage	Joe Knight	Angel Cliville	Baby Joe Gans	Jack Portney
9—Charley Retzlaff	Bob Godwin	Leo Larrivee	Joey Goodman	Young Firpo
10—Steve Hamas	George Manley	Jack Kilbourne	Morrie Sherman	Joe Glick

Lightweights	Junior-Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Tony Canzoneri	World's Champion Kid Chocolate	Title Vacant	World's Champion Al Brown	Title Vacant
1 Billy Petrolle	Benny Bass	Fidel La Barba	Speedy Dado	Midget Wolgast
2—Sammy Fuller	Al Foreman	Nel Tarleton	Baby Arizmendi	Little Pancho
3—Lew Massey	Roger Bernard	Eddie Shea	Young Tommy	Young Perez
4—Wesley Ramey	Joey Costa	Lew Feldman	Newsboy Brown	Babe Triscaro
5—Battling Battalino	Joe Ghnouly	Tommy Paul	Pete Sanstol	Valentin Angelmann
6—Tracey Cox	Maurice Holtzer	Johnny Pena	Ross Fields	Jackie Brown
7—Harry Dublinsky	Davey Abad	Varias Milling	Emile Pladner	Mariano Arilla
8—Tony Falco	Tony Sciolino	Frankie Wallace	Eugene Huat	Mickey McGuire
9—Johnny Jadick	Harry Sankey	Kid Francis	Mose Butch	Maurice Huguenin
10—Battling Gizzy	Miki Gelb	Freddy Miller	Abie Israel	Frankie Donnelly

The ten best prospects of the month are:

Flyweight—Jimmy Rara, Philippine Islands.
Bantamweight—Ernie Maurer, Detroit, Mich.
Featherweight—Jack Massino, Italy.
Junior-Lightweight—Tommy Hill, Phoenix, Ariz.
Lightweight—Mickey Serrian, Scranton, Pa.
Junior-Welterweight—Marty Gornick, Pittsburgh, Pa.
Welterweight—Al Valdifi, New York City.
Middleweight—Fred Hannaberry, Australia.
Light-Heavyweight — Charley "Trader" Horn, New York City.
Heavyweight—Pettit Ferrarer, Lansing, Mich.

MONTREAL TOPICS

By LAWSON BAMPTON

JULES RACICOT, enterprising young local promoter, staged one of the best cards seen here with Bobby Leitham, Canadian Bantamweight champion and Art Giroux, former titleholder, as the principals. Bobby Leitham is still the champ and has justified the high opinion his diminutive pilot, Sam Gibbs, held of him. Giroux was floored eleven times. Leitham has improved remarkably within the past few months. His fine battle against Spider Pladner proved his class and his smashing performance against Giroux proved that he has plenty of punching power.

The trio of eight rounders also proved good battles. Benny Brostoff, New York, outslugged Georgie Holmes, fiery little Bostonian; and Pete DeGrasse, New York featherweight, outsmarted Wolf Carufel, clever local lad. Albert Ladou, French Algerian featherweight, outclassed Art Chapdelaine, Springfield, in a thrilling battle.

Spider Pladner featured the opening card of the new Exchange Stadium, where Armand Vincent is promoting open-air bouts. Spider stopped Augie Ruggiere, New York Italian, in seven rounds. Albert Ladou, the Algerian ace, outclassed Joe Marciente, New York, in the eight.

Frankie Fiore, Sam Gibbs' aggressive featherweight, fought a draw with Ray Lirzin in an eight-rounder. Eddie Martin, local bantam, beat Ernest Torres, Porto Rico, in six, and Gaston Menard, Sherbrooke, proved too tough for Joe Dunn, local welter.

Al Foreman, dynamic British Empire lightweight king, added another victim to his long list of knockouts when he flattened Jim Travis in the fourth at Brighton, England. Foreman is awaiting word that match with Bat Battalino has been arranged here and will sail immediately as soon as it is certain.

Johnny Nemis, Maritime welter and middle star, spent most of June in New Brunswick prepping for a strenuous summer campaign aimed at the Canadian welter title. Nemis scored several victories below the border before going to Port Elgin, N. B., where he is a big attraction.

Elzear Rioux, giant local heavyweight, is finished here after his disappointing performance against Jack Gagnon, Boston slugger. The fight between Art Giroux and Frankie Martin, Bobby Leitham's stable mate, was a snappy ten-rounder with Giroux earning his shot at Leitham. Leo Salvas and Eddie Beaurivage fought an interesting eight-round draw.

Along *the* Great Fite Way

By EDDIE BORDEN

PRACTICALLY all of the excitement, pugilistically speaking, around the Metropolitan district, was confined to the ifs and buts of the Schmeling-Sharkey fray which will be discussed in full detail by Nat Fleischer in another section of THE RING. Heavyweight championship contests invariably kill off interest in lesser attractions within a radius of several hundred miles near the scene of combat, but such was not the case in the recent affair. It was the elements that killed the interest in fisticuffs for New York had a miserable month of June with rain and cold spells.

Al Weill, head of the Queensboro Stadium, after getting off to a good start with Kid Chocolate and Lew Feldman, was forced to go through several postponements which hampered his plans for the next three weeks. Chocolate was declared the winner over Feldman in a fairly interesting fifteen-round bout. Feldman made his presence felt until the tenth session but in the last five rounds slowed to a walk and Chocolate scampered in with plenty to spare.

Isadore Gastanaga, South American heavyweight champion, had to go through three delays before he could make his debut at the Queensboro. His victim was Hans Birkie, rugged Coast heavyweight, and it went the full ten rounds. The Spaniard showed plenty of stuff in the closing rounds and it is expected that he will improve materially with a few more engagements. This was his first bout in a year's time and his distance was poor. He showed good punching powers in either hand and should make the second class heavies toe the mark.

Maxey Rosenbloom, the Gay Caballero of the boxing game, enjoyed a good workout in Pittsburgh at the expense of Larry Johnson and considered it sufficient exercise for the nonce and did not indulge in any training for his next match. On that occasion, he met Tony Shucco, a smart, cagy, light-heavy from Boston, and at the end of the tenth round, Maxie found that he lost the verdict. Rosenbloom as a boxer, stands alone, but refuses to assist himself in his training and the consequence is that he will awaken when it is too late. There are no exceptions for those who have to pay the penalty for laxity in training and Maxey will find that he is only a human being, but after the toll has been exacted.

The featherweight championship of the N. B. A. was decided when Tommy Paul outscored Johnny Pena in fifteen sessions at Detroit but Tommy did not enjoy his laurels very long. In his first bout he was given a trouncing by Fidel La Barba on the Pacific Coast and La Barba, who was eliminated in the semi-final round by Pena, can laugh at them all. Another N. B. A. champ, Georgie Nichols was subjected to a beating at the hands of Lew Scozza in Buffalo. This pair met in the light-heavyweight tourney in Chicago with Nichols winning.

Marcel Thil, French middleweight, earned the right to be classified as the world's middleweight champion, by winning from Gorilla Jones on a foul in eleven rounds. Thil, who had previously beaten Vince Dundee, outstanding middleweight and followed up with a victory over England's best, Jack Hood, can rightfully claim the worldly crown through his latest achievement. Thil has a strong, determined style of fighting that will register well in this country. He is strong, a busy puncher and does not believe in clinching. A good fighter can always be used to advantage in this country and Thil seems to have those requisites.

Baby Arizmendi moved back to the bantamweight class and disposed of one of his strongest rivals, Newsboy Brown—Arizmendi has been getting favorable comment from many of the Coast critics and it is about time he was brought East—Tracey Cox, since announcing his entry into the lightweight class, disposed of Dominick Petrone and Herman Perlick—Cox is another deadly menace for the lightweights and has that deadly sock which makes his appeal to the fans understandable—While on the subject of young material, we pass on to Paul Pirrone, a twenty-one-year-old youngster, from Cleveland, who has been flattening lots of Eastern middleweights with monotonous regularity—Eddie Mead is handling Pirrone and Paul is the first protege he has raved about since the days of Joe Lynch—Young Jack Thompson announced his retirement following his victory over Leonard Bennett—Thompson has been boxing for fourteen years and engaged in 327 battles.

Middleweights may spring up and decline the very next day but Vince Dundee seems to be going on. Dundee is a veteran so far as veterans go but at the present time is at the height of his career—Jimmy De Forest, veteran manager and trainer, who has been ill for some months, has recovered considerably since living in Long Branch and deserted the lights of Broadway.—Gene Roman, selected as the official referee for New Jersey, seems to be getting the choicest assignments in the state and doing his work correctly—Jack Horowitz, prominent Broadway sportsman, who is employed by Kronheim Continental, claims to be of Spanish descent—Joe Knight, Southern light-heavyweight, is making his home in Boston and has been returned the winner in two bouts there—Teddy Berg, kid brother of Jackie, sailed for home because he was troubled with bad hands which could not mend properly.

Tony Canzoneri celebrated his Pittsburgh debut by stopping Battling Gizzy in five rounds at the opening show of Meyers Bowl—A capacity crowd turned out and they saw Tony in rare form—Gizzy was outclassed and somehow failed to fight his regular fight—It was a knockout of the technical variety when Gizzy fell out of the ring and could not return before the count was finished—On the same card Charley Massare, likely looking heavyweight, finished Jack Kearns in four rounds. Massare originally came from Monongahela City but went to New York to develop the art of fisticuffing—He returned a finished product and was responsible for inducing several hundred citizens from Monongahela to see him in Braddock—Although Fred Lenhart failed to register highly in the East, he is doing exactly the reverse on the Pacific Coast—Two of his recent victims were Joe Sekyra and Paul Swiderski.

Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight travelling champion, has deserted travelling and has decided to remain in the East for the time being—Wolgast left his co-manager Johnny Keyes in Honolulu to open a cabaret there and Jimmy Kelly will begin where Keyes left off—Wolgast came through with a victory over Tony Marino at Braddock and then scored over Marty Gold—Wolgast intends to remain a busy gladiator in the future and Kelly is anxious to line up a match with Al Brown for the bantamweight title—Adolph "Pickles" Heinz got off to a good start by stopping Lew "Tiger" Flowers n his first bout East—Heinz is looked after by Phil Schlossberg and he looks very good—Billy Petrolle dropped Tommy Grogan twice but was unable to put him away in Pittsburgh and what makes it all the more surprising is that Goldie Hess, a very weak puncher stopped Grogan in Frisco just prior to the Petrolle match—Maybe it's the climate.

Red Robinson, a former fighter, awarded a peculiar decision to Tony Herrera over Eddie Kid Wolfe in their bout at Pittsburgh recently—Wolfe, in the opinion of the spectators, clearly won seven of the ten rounds—One judge gave the bout to Wolfe and the other called it even—Robinson gave it to Herrera—Angel Cliville gave the boys something to talk about when he scored over Jack Kilbourne, highly-touted middleweight star from the Middle West—Kilbourne had previously shown his wares and scored a one-round knockout in sensational style—The fans expected the same to happen to Cliville but the Porto Rican had different views on the subject and gave his lanky opponent a good hiding—It was a complete reversal of form and no one has yet figured out how it happened—Marty Gornick, a good looking prospect in the junior-welterweight ranks, stopped Ray Collins in six rounds.

Bob Olin came back after several months' inactivity due to a bad hand and subjected Dick Fullam to a neat lacing—Fullam was one of the younger crop with great prospects of future development but Olin showed his class at all times and Fullam was lucky to go the distance—Billy Jones got ample revenge for a decision he lost to Dave Maier in the semi-final round of the light-heavy tourney staged in Chicago some months ago—Jones entered the ring a very sick man but kept his troubles to himself and subsequently was eliminated—He finally got a return match with his conquerer and made him so sick that he was unable to come out for the sixth round—That defeat probably broke Lew Sangor's heart but it instilled plenty of hope in the person of Frank Fowles who is hot on the trail of a match with Rosenbloom for the title—Tony Canzoneri went to Chicago to renew acquaintances with many old friends and engage in a ten-round tilt with Harry Dublinsky—The money was an incidental item. Tony went more for the trip itself than to make any fortune.

Nel Tarleton, English featherweight champion, earned a big feather in his cap by holding Al Brown to a draw in fifteen rounds. Brown, despite his claims to the bantam title, stands out as strong as any 126 pounder in the world, and holding Brown to an even break is quite a feat that Nel may well feel proud of—Joe Glick, Brooklyn's veteran junior-welterweight, considered past his peak in these parts, is doing remarkably well on the Pacific Coast, whipping Jack Purvis and Gaston De Cadre—Eddie Ran qualified to a rare degree by scoring a knockout in Warsaw, which, as far as we can recall, is the first boxing match ever staged in that part of Russia—George Manley, another good fighter, with a few bad habits, is starting on a new winning streak—Manley is a light-heavyweight and, properly conditioned, is good enough to fight them all.

Those who were following up the comeback attempt of Mushy Callahan were greatly disheartened upon learning that Mushy was stopped by Baby Sal Sorio in six rounds—Mushy was forging along finely and it is hoped that the setback is only temporary—Billy Wallace still manages to make that right-hand punch land where it will do the most good—Last December, Billy stopped the winning streak of Frank Bojorski by scoring a four-round kayo and in a return meeting repeated the knockout dose in the tenth session—Joe Lewis is running boxing shows at the Akron Armory in the absence of Suey Welsh who is taking care of Gorilla Jones in Europe—Harry Carlton's stock was boosted considerably by holding Benny Bass to a draw.

After Benny had flattened Harry's most formidable Jersey rival, Young Zazzerino—Ernie Schaaf is still intent on remaining an active heavyweight and took big chances in meeting Tony Galento, a short, squatty heavyweight, who can flatten anyone he is able to hit—Schaaf was there at the finish and came through a clear winner—Johnny Attell is trying to make things hum at the Dyckman Oval for the summer—Tony Kelly took over the Coney Island Stadium, long considered a hoodoo, and came through successfully with his first show—Tony has grown more ambitious and is seeking Primo Carnera against Ernie Schaaf.

Herman Donsky, recently returned from the Coast, is responsible for all the eastern ballyhoo that Baby Arizmendi enjoyed during the past few months—Donsky claims that Arizmendi is one of the greatest natural fighters developed in the past ten years and will be a revelation when he hits East—Willus Britt, roaming exponent of the boxing game, has deserted St. Louis and reports have him located in Pittsburgh—Irish Kane is rated highly among the managers around Pittsburgh—He trains and develops his own boys and is one of those faithful, conscientious types that you seldom find—Abie Witz and Jack White are partners in Battling Gizzy and Jimmy Thomas—Harold Scadron, manager of Bob Olin, expects to try that two can live as cheap as one experiment very soon—His intended mate is Miss Dorthy Kirtsman—Babe Barron enjoyed the headaches of a promoter when he helped to stage the Canzoneri-Dublinsky match with Al Miller.

Mickey Walker failed to show encouraging form as a heavyweight contender in his bout with Paulino Uzcudun—It was a poor fight and only the last two rounds saved the affair from a dreary finish. Both were covered with blood from eye wounds and neither one could have lasted much longer—Walker received a tremendous ovation before the fight but his reception after the fray was far from complimentary—It was anyone's fight and Walker's furious finish might have influenced the officials—Jimmy Phillips, Newark welterweight, seems to be improving with each start and belongs to the type that is headed somewhere.

ALABAMA BOXING NEWS

By SAM CAPRI

JAY J. THOMAS is back as promoter for Post No. 115, in Birmingham and is arranging a series of bouts for the summer.

Chris Jordan with his new out-door arena, at Fairfield, has been packing the wrestling fans in. Sam Siegel has been doing very well in Birmingham, with his heavyweight wrestling cards.

At Tuscumbia: Colvert County Post American Legion featured the local middleweight sensational slugger, Young Robinson, against Jim Elam, of Birmingham, and Robinson stopped his man in six rounds. Young Evans and Young Walker fought a four round draw. Jack Turner and Young Blue, drew. Joey Dundee, Chattanooga, drew with King Tut, of Athens, in four.

In Birmingham: Jim Londos won from Rudy Dusek in 48 minutes of wrestling. At Fairfield: Gus Sonnenberg beat John Poddubny and Joe Gunther won his tenth straight wrestling match by defeating Gayle Byrd, of Cincinnati.

Fighters Wanted

I am in a position to handle some good fighters in all classes who are not under contract. If you want to get work and want a good manager, send me your name, address and a complete record.

Leo Mayer, Box 17, THE RING, 11 West 42nd Street, New York City.

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DOWN IN ARKANSAS
By MINOR STUART

RUBE JOHNSON proved a worthy Arkansas lightweight champion when he chilled Johnny Dean in three heats at Fort Smith.

Two of the most promising young boxers in Arkansas are Sidney Scarlett, the thumping Pine Bluff middleweight and the Batesville lightweight, Manco "Young" Flynn.

Some Fort Smith fight results—Chuck McMinn, Hot Springs, 130-pounder, won by a TKO over that promising Fort Smith junior lightweight, Buddy Cardwell; George Starr 135-pounds of Vian, Oklahoma, won the nod over Clyde Barnett135, of Fort Smith; Joe Atwell, Kibler middleweight kayoed Pete Ramey in three rounds—Referees Bob Wallace and Jack McDowell.

Tommy Davenport, Little Rock heavyweight, lost a heartbreaking decision to Joe Jordan in Memphis due to a cut over the eye.

Some biffs and socks at Stuttgart:—Leo Scherm, 147-pounder, Stuttgart's own, kayoed Tommy Hoffman of Helena in eight; Red Davis, lightweight from Natchez, Mississippi, stopped Battling Ward in three. In a bout between local boxers, Al Denman won the TKO from Bobby Roberts, "Tarzan" Leggett kayoed Eddie Ray in the first; Leo Scherm kayoed Battling Ward; Al Denman fought Bobby Roberts a four-round draw; "Tarzan" Leggett beat Dwight Fryer; Red Davis beat Red Stabler; Kid Browder decisioned Joe Goskoe; Gleason Allen and Joe Hill even in four rounds.

Billy Hyde, hailing from Marianna, fought eight rounds even with Leroy "Kid" Dugan of Blytheville; Frenchy Fortner kayoed Jimmy Hyde; Kid Last Chance was kayoed by "Battling" Sam; "Battling Green decisioned Lundell McGhee.

Arkansas has official champions in two classes, Rube Johnson now lightweight champion and Jack King owner of the welterweight belt.

Send your news and pictures to this writer at 1923 Locust Street, Texarkana, Arkansas, not later than the fifth of the month. For an immediate reply enclose postage.

A sock from Batesville—Manco "Young" Flynn, local lightweight, who has been campaigning at a fast clip throughout this part of the country, scored his 27th victory in 35 starts when he kayoed Aubrey Looney, welter from Walnut Ridge; Lawrence Martin stopped Jack Taylor in a battle between colored middleweights.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

WICHITA, KANS.—Battling Dozier beat Augustine Perez in 10 rounds. Wild Mexican Pete won a hairline decision over Kenny Hill in six. Harold Murphy knocked out Cliff Kelly in two. Johnny McCrea beat Frank Rodgers in four rounds.

Picher, Okla.—Ol Bray knocked out Haskell Young in four rounds. Sandy Robinson and George Windham fought a 10-round draw. Roddy Arnold beat Reddy Daniels in six. Roy Jackson and Homer Meekds drew in four. Chic Reeves beat Ernie Proffet in four rounds.

Beloit, Kans.—Chick Grimm knocked out Kid Jones in one round. Burl Patten beat Kid VanScoyk in four. Kid Carmichael beat Checkers Sanders in three. Young Burdett knocked out Kid McCaughey in two. Patrick Workman beat Sam Wicks in three. Kid Colson knocked out Bill Gildersleeve in two. Kid Garrett knocked out Harlowe Cranell in one round.

Joplin, Mo.—Chuck Elberts defeated Fred Reese in 10 rounds. Roy Jacks beat Rough House Houser in 10. Jimmy Craig beat Steve Ketchell in 10. Truman Crowell beat Andy Bishop in four. Lil Boyer knocked out Mike Robinson in three rounds. Karl Applegate promoter.

West Tulsa, Okla.—Gyp Zarro and Louie Avery battled 10 rounds to a draw. Speck Friend knocked out George Little in one. Rob Hamilton and Billy Hyde drew in six. Carlos Brown and Kid Sharpe fought four rounds to a draw.

Tulsa, Okla—Eddie Murdock beat Wilson (Indian) Dunn in 10 rounds. Max Brown knocked out Jack Robinson in one. Harold Murphy and Bob Hamilton drew in six. Bob Williams knocked out Forrest Cannon in four. Baby Kiser beat Kid Martin in four rounds. Sam Avery promoter.

Coffeyville, Kans—Chief Parris beat Kid Erne in six rounds. Red Stong knocked out Skid Johnson in one. Zannie Williams knocked out Babe Routh in four rounds.

Miami, Okla.—Ol Bray defeated Speck Friend in 10 rounds. Lefty Masters knocked out Wesley Solomon in eight. Reddy Daniels and Buck Martin fought a six-round draw.

Joplin, Mo.—Jimmy Craig defeated Steve Ketchell in 10 rounds. Lonnie Reeves beat Ernie Proffet Quapaw Indian in six rounds. Karl Applegate, promoter.

Muskogee, Okla.—Big Babe Hunt the best heavyweight in the southwest, knocked out Max Brown in the fourth.

Tulsa, Okla.—Babe Hunt knocked out Max Brown in the second. Louie Avery beat Gyp Zarro in eight. Bob Williams knocked out Chuck Elberts in four. Baby Kiser knocked out Bill Markam in four. Battling Skippo and Benny Hess fought four rounds to a draw.

Miami, Okla.—Lefty Masters knocked out Skip Johnson of Coffeyville, in two rounds. Mutt Kreger knocked out Babe Routh of Coffeyville, in five rounds.

SIOUX CITY, IOWA, SPARKS
By BILL HAWKINS

JIMMY THOMPSON, local junior-lightweight mauler, returned to Sious City after a successful invasion through the Northwest. In his first start at Riverview Park Arena, Thompson halted the long winning streak of Elmer Brown, Fort Dodge, Ia., battler, by holding the latter to a six-round draw.

Harry Jones, the promoter at Riverview Park, is giving fans fine shows.

Jay Conlon, Omaha, junior lightweight, fought 6 rounds to a draw with Al Manriquez, Atlantic, Ia. Ray Mann, local welterweight ace, scored a knockout over Dick Vann of Newton, Ia. in 5; Mickey O'Day drew with Young Neibuhr in 6; Mickey O'Donnell showed real well, when he knocked out Tommy McCann in 2; Irish McKenna beat Tod Morgan in 4.

Des Moines, Ia.—Roy Jacks, 175, Kansas City, shaded Harold Hoxwood, 170, of Des Moines, in 10; Don Pedigo, 170, beat Jerry Sloyer, 176 in 6; Vern Butler 134, knocked out Jimmy Legrone, 129, in 4; Caddy Casey, 133, shaded Henry Falegano, 133 in 6; Jesse Ackerman, 130, knocked out Les Miller, 132 in 3.

Ray Mann, local welter, who is beating everything out here, defeated Kid Ray Schneck, of Waterloo, Ia., in 6; Elmer Brown beat Kid Lehr in six fast rounds; Iowa Joe Rivers showed plenty of steam, when he beat Red Haggerty in 6; Jimmy Johnson knocked out Mel Rice in 4; Kid Jabbo, beat Buddy Harris in 4.

Norfolk, Nebr.—Duane Maddox, (Colored) took a beating at the hands of Ray Mann, Sioux City welter, in 10.

Harry Jones helped the Knights of Columbus unemployed fund by turning in the full proceeds of a dandy boxing card. Homer Sheridan, veteran local middleweight lost a shade decision to Harold Hoxwood in 6; Richie Mack, beat Mickey O'Day in 6; Denny Daley, lost to Harold Rogers in 4; Al Pahl beat Kid Jobbe, (Colored) in 4; Keith Weaver shellacked Tuffy Dial in 4; Bobby Rogers drew with Tommy Ryan in 4.

Des Moines, Ia.—Billy Thompson, (182) Waterloo, Ia., drew with Johnny Agrella, (175) Omaha, Nebr., in 10; Caddy Casey beat Vern Butler, in 6; Henry Falegano, beat Kid Lehr, in 6; Freddy Penn won over Dave Nemo, in 6; Pep Finney shaded Jack Spratt, in 4.

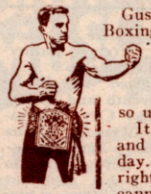
Jimmy Wooten, Omaha, lightweight, lost to Richie Mack, a fellow townsman, in 6; Jimmy Thompson drew with Elmer Brown, in 6; Mickey O'Donnell held Sonny Sofio to a six-round draw; Harold Rogers looked good in defeating Jimmy Salvatore, in 4; Jimmy Johnson beat Kid Jobbe and Bud Lymer beat Al Pahl, both fours.

Frank Mills, a newcomer in the home of Sioux City managers, has taken over the management of Bat Slater, welterweight, Mickey Slater, flyweight, Tommy Sacco, Flyweight, and Pat Maloney, welterweight.

Iowa Joe Rivers, Cedar Rapids junior-welter weight, showed he was a pretty tough boy in his bout with Red Haggerty here.

By the way, we have a nice letter from Babe Asher this month, he is located at Danville, Ill., 7½ North Jackson, and would like to hear from his old friends.

Sent On Approval



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ST. LOUIS DISTRICT
By BOB RILEY

RESULTS of the first two open-air shows here. John Schwake, Webster Groves heavyweight, stopped Max Brown, Oklahoma City five rounds; Al Stillman, St. Louis 175-pounder kayoed Jack Barry, Chicago, nine rounds; Allen Mathews, colored local middleweight, tipped over "Kid" Dusty, St. Louis, one round; Johnny Miles, local light-heavyweight, outpointed Russ Conklin, Bellville heavyweight, five rounds; George Daw, Pine Lawn 160-pounder, won from Frank Stolsek, Springfield, five rounds.

The second card had Johnny Freeman, Salamanca, N. Y. heavyweight, winning from John Schwake, 10 rounds; Al Stillman technically knocked out Tom Hambrick, Memphis, 10 rounds; Allen Mathews defeated K. O. Kelly, Akron, 10 rounds; "Chick" Rains, local middleweight, beat Russ Conklin, five rounds; Johnny Miles technically stopped Hughie Gray, Tulsa, four rounds; Frank Stolsek outfought "Red" Foster, Oklahoma City, four rounds. The foregoing boxing bills were both interesting and the clients departed satisfied.

Jack Barry, Chicago, light-heavy, who was stopped by Al Stillman is no relation to Dave Barry, St. Louis outstanding bantamweight. Johnny Miles, former amateur middleweight champion, is undefeated as a professional. Miles is popular and improving with every start. George Daw, making his first start under Barney McCarthy's direction turned in a win over Frank Stolsek. A number of fans and this writer thought Schwake trimmed Johnny Freeman but Freeman wound up with the official "duke." "Chick" Rains spotted Russ Conklin over 20 pounds and handed him a neat lacing. Two days later "Chick" whipped "Buster" Mallini, Memphis middleweight, at Fort Worth, Texas, in 10 cantos.

There are just three sure fire winning gate attractions in the line of matches for St. Louis promoters viz: "Peewee" Kaiser vs. Dave Barry, John Schwage vs. Al Stillman and Lou Terry vs. Tracy Cox.

Dave Barry and Howard Scott, local bantam and junior lightweight respectively, both are putting in plenty of time at hard work on farms in Arkansas and Texas.

Lou Terry, St. Louis lightweight, kayoed "Battling" Clemmons at St. Joseph, Mo., his last bout and is training hard for a joust with Tracy Cox.

Fighters and managers seeking matches in St. Louis get in touch with the writer at the Business Men's Gymnasium at St. Louis, Mo.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

ONE thing this writer would like to know is why Wilbur Chevalier, French feather weight from Flint, can't get matches. During the month Chevalier knocked out Bobby Allen, at Green Bay in the seventh and took a decision from Johnny Gale at Bay City. Chevalier holds decisions over Carl Mazzola, Quina Lee, Joe Pallazola, Jackie Sharkey, Paul Wangley, and Johnny Datto. They were trying to build up Franklin Cheek for a big shot but Chevalier blasted Cheek's hopes by whipping him twice. Some enterprising Michigan promoter should match Chevalier with Roger Bernard. Chevalier plans a trip to California.

At Pontiac, Mel Tipton, Flint veteran, came from behind to take a decision from Max Conners, Negro middleweight of Detroit in eight hard fought rounds. Ray Van Hook, who was quite a good boy about two years ago, whipped Eddie Barron of Detroit in six. George Miller, Flint, beat Kid Stevens, Pontiac; Eddie Sico, Detroit and Charley Lopez, Flint, drew; Eddie Matchney, Flint, beat Swede Titus, Pontiac; and Ray Burnett, Pontiac, beat Billy Wilkins of Pontiac in the preliminaries.

Leonard Bennett, welterweight of Detroit, lost to Young Jack Thompson at Seattle in six rounds.

In the final round of the N. B. A.'s feather weight elimination tourney at the Olympia, Tommy Paul, of Buffalo, beat Johnny Pena, of New York.

George Riley, of Detroit, defeated Pete De Grasse, of New York, in eight rounds. Don McLeod, of Northville, beat Ruby Greenberg. Jack Elverilo knocked out Jimmy Avan in one, and Patsy Pasculli stopped Lew Haines.

At Grand Rapids, Wesley Ramey, in our opinion one of the best lightweights in the world, had little trouble beating Santiago Zorilla, the San Blas Indian from Panama.

Pee Wee Wilson, who was quite a prospect a couple of years ago, took a licking from Heinie Schmid; Leon Jasinski knocked out Johnny Hoekstra; Mickey Balabon lost a close one to Buck Kammen, Earl Wirth pasted Elmer Anderson, of Detroit, and Stanley Krannenberg whipped Johnny Sikkenga.

Morrie Sherman, Jewish welterweight of Detroit, is making good in New York.

At Kalamazoo, Eddie Koppy, Detroit lightweight, whipped Herman Perlick in ten rounds and Morey Bowman, of Grand Rapids, knocked out Harry Fine in the fifth.

At Mt. Clemens, George Godfrey, the Leiperville, Pa., Negro heavy who was one of the leaders awhile back but who couldn't get opponents, knocked out K. O. Willis and Gene Stanton in three rounds each. Frankie Bower, Cleveland, beat Billy Bully; Wally Speiles beat Hank Kaiser; Leon Nichols lost to Charlie Boyd; Freddy Dayton stopped Teddy Thomas and the Helzer brothers opened the show with Adam beating Alex.

My ratings for this section are:

Heavies—Mart Levandowski, Petit Fearer, and Ed Anderson.

Light Heavies—Mart Levandowski, Stanley Wellise, and Leon Jasinski.

Middles—Frankie Misko, Freddy Heinz, and Mickey Balabon.

Welters—Morrie Sherman, Morrie Bowman, and Howard McLain.

Junior Welters—Orrie Mosher, Ruben Edman, and Herman Perlick.

Lights—Wesley Ramey, Eddie Koppy, and Benny McArthur.

Junior Lights—Roger Bernard, Wilbur Chevalier, and Joe Pallazola.

Feathers—Wilbur Chevalier, Billy Shaw, and Heinie Schmid.

Bantams—Frankie Donnelly, Ernie Maurer, and Sammy Goldman.

Flys—Frankie Donnelly, Sammy Goldman, and Archie Person.

In a slugfest at Dearborn, Juan Cruz whipped Sidney Thomas. The boys slugged it out from start to finish, with Cruz outlasting his rival. Johnny Riggi put the crusher on Johnny McAully in one; Walter Spiles kayoed Bob Rousa; Chuck Murcheson beat Sam Casper; and Willard Wylston won on a foul from Johnny Manigan.

Wesley Ramey would like a fight with either Canzoneri or Jadick.

Martin Levandowski, the Wayland strong boy, went over to Milwaukee to increase his string of victories but was sadly surprized. His opponent, Jack Kilbourne, of Australia, handed Levandowski a thorough pasting.

Ernie Maurer, one of the best prospects in the country, added one more to his list of victories when he subdued Franklin Young, speedy little scrapper in the eight-round feature match of Dearborn.

On the same card, Ed Anderson beat Buster Trenkle in eight; Art Smith drew with Red Allen; John Riggi beat Ed Miller and Del Duca beat Hal Anthony.

Did you know that—George Wise, one of the best announcers in the World, has applied for a referee's license? Pee Wee Wilson, who several years ago beat Solly Schuman, Ollie Bartlett, Luis Carpentero, Johnny Sili, and Jimmy Kerr, was beaten by Heinie Schmid? Ray Van Hook who beat boys like Johnny Mellow, Dick Landig, and Frankie Kolack was kayoed by Ted DeFrancis? Frankie Young who fought Willie Davies, Steve Rocco, Pancho Dencio, Britt Gorman, Johnny Sili, Happy Atherton, and Genaro Pino has lost his last six fights? Leonard Bennett who wasn't good enough to get work in Detroit, is one of the best fighters in California?

At Lincoln Park, Juan Cruz clashed with Red Cornelius and George Shanley and Charley Gilette wrestled.

At Garden City, Whitey Gorsline boxed Shuffle Molay and Young Pete Choeke tackled Clem Howe.

Will Tex Tekala please get in touch with Wm Tekala at 603 5th St., S., Virginia, Minnesota?

At the Arena Gardens, Jim Logas, of Detroit, defeated Bobby Chick, of Texas. Ernie Arthur threw Red Sim; Wildcat McCann beat Kenneth Howell, and Gorilla Parker won from Tarzan Cleto.

I am going to try an experiment. On my ratings for Michigan I am always criticized. Now for next month, I want the fans in Michigan to send in a list of boxers ranked the way they think is best. They should rank the first five in each division and the ones that have the highest totals will be ranked.

Anybody wishing my ratings at 25 cents, the record of a Michigan boxer at 10 cents or a list of the promoters in Michigan at 10 cents, should write to me and get them before they are all gone.

Did you know that—Stanley Wellise is 19? Billy Shaw is 28? Pee Wee Wilson is 20 and Franklin Young is 24? Archie "Speed" Person is a good fighter? Laurie Pepkin who fought a preliminary fight at Mack Park a couple of years back and couldn't get another fight around here is getting to be a good fighter? Ernie Maurer is a comer? Buck Kammen and Sammy Goldman are managed by Harry Gordon? Wesley Ramey is managed by Ted Bodkin? Stanley Wellise is managed by Art Anderson and Mart Levandowski is handled by Billy Freas?

Pee Wee Wilson and Juan Cruz, two good featherweights, met at Mt. Clemens. Don McLeod and Johnny Jeanette came together in the semi-windup and Hank Kaiser, of Pontiac, clashed with Lou Handler, former Michigan State College football player.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BOXING was at a standstill around southern Ohio territory during the past month but with several new outdoor clubs ready to swing into action within the next thirty days, the game should be back at its highest peak in some time.

Dayton and Newark took the limelight with shows. Newark staged a ten-rounder between Georgie Annarino of Newark, O., and Marty Gold of Philadelphia, which Annarino, bantamweight champion of Ohio won after ten gruelling rounds. In the main fight at Dayton, Pee Wee Farrell, Ft. Wayne welterweight, won a ten-round nod over Frankie Hughes of Kenosha, Wis.

Both shows attracted large crowds and the Annarino-Gold fight was praised by several of the leading Ohio dailes as one of the greatest fights in Buckeye history. The Newark *Advocate* gave Annarino seven of the ten rounds and three even. Danny Davis, manager of Annarino proclaimed a challenge at all of the leading bantamweights of the country and also announced that his little champion is ready to defend his recognized state title against the most formidable contender Dayton, Cincinnati, Toledo and Cleveland promoters offer him.

Nordi Smith, Newark middleweight took a six-round decision over Cliff Cassidy of Middletown.

Jarrell pounded Hughes around the ring in their Dayton battle and eliminated Hughes from the ranks of the leading Mid-West welterweight contenders. The preliminary results of Dayton's card were as follows: Bruce Britt, Terre Haute, outpointed Chick Wagner, Ft. Wayne, in eight rounds; Arvil Puryear, Ft. Wayne, shaded Mike Kelly of Dayton in 4; Benny Lenny, Ft. Wayne, outpointed Battling Shaner of Dayton in four and Texas Kid bested Bozo Youngerman, both of Dayton, in the opening four-round tilt.

Herman Katz, Cincinnati's premier promoter swung back into action at his new outdoor Parkway arena on Findlay and Parkway with a double tenner, featuring Herman Perlick vs. Tracey Cox and Henry Perlick vs. Maxie Koshover. Katz five years ago brought the game out of the mire with his ten-strike all-star cards and it will be no surprise if he does likewise now.

The new arena is one of the finest in the middle West and under the present form of operations, Katz will feature his boxing shows every Wednesday while Carl Singleton and his wrestling brigade will hold full sway on Friday nights.

Bulletin from Mickey Kelcher in Durham, N. C., was that Ray Kietz, flashy Ft. Thomas, Ky lightweight battled Jimmy Clements of Durham in a six-round bout on the Jake Denning-Buster Newberry card on May 20. Kietz and his manager Kelcher returned to Cincinnati three weeks later where Kietz will soon appear on a Parkway card.

Information in these parts can be had by addressing the writer at 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, O. Please enclose postage and envelope for return reply.

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Charley and Billy Grupp, New York's leading instructors of boxing, with the aid of Joe English, another famous boxing character, have gone into a new enterprise. In addition to continuing Grupp's Gymnasium, Charley, his brother and English are in the market to manage fighters in all classes, and to act as representatives in New York to furnish fighters for boxing clubs throughout the country, as well as entertainment for smokers, benefits and other occasions. Billy has trained such stars as Benny Leonard, Jack Britton, Ted Kid Lewis, Les Darcy and Gene Tunney.

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News and Gossip from Boston

By DOC ALMY

FOR the first time in 11 years, outside of military reservations, draw decisions are now legal in this state. Where ring judges disagree, it now is within the province of the arbiter to declare a contest a 50-50 proposition. As a result of more than a year of campaigning by the writer in behalf of such a measure, a bill was finally presented in the Legislature, was passed by that body, and then signed by Gov. Ely. The new boxing law became operative after 90 days, and that period was up on June 16.

For the first time since it opened up several years ago, the Boston Garden is out of the boxing game to all intents and purposes during the summer season.

In an effort to keep the sport alive, Promoter Eddie Mack, of the Argonne A. A., has staged two tourneys since our last notes in THE RING. The attendance at both was small and the promoter did not garner a penny from either. In fact, went "into the hole." The first staged, brought to the front a new light-heavy for Boston in Joe Knight, of Cairo, Ga. Knight, with a record of having stopped Yale Okun, beaten Maxie Rosenbloom and others. Knight defeated Charley Belanger, of Canada in 10 rounds.

In the semi-final, George Salvatore, from Oak Bluffs, Mass., defeated Joe Delmont, of Roxbury, a former amateur welter star. In another bout Leo Salvas, of Berlin, N. H., claimant of the middle titles of Maine, Vermont and New Hampshire, beat Chris DeRosa, East Boston.

Promoter Mack's next effort found Joe Knight the Georgian, facing "Wild" Willie Oster, of Chicago, in a ripping contest. Oster had Knight down in the second but couldn't keep him there. Barring this round, Knight outpointed William all the way.

In the semi-final, Henry Firpo, of Louisville, Ky., got a questionable decision over Rudy Marshall, of Cos Cob, Conn. George Salvatore was back again in this show and won a 10-round decision over Baby Jack Renault, of Cambridge, in a fighting fight. The opening bout saw Ad Zachow, of Dover, N. H., stop Enio Nyholm, of Maynard, in the second round. Nyholm, a veteran from the amateur ranks, had not lost a bout since he turned "pro." Also, it was the first kayo in his career of two years.

Not so long ago Norman Conrad, of Wilton, N. H., formerly of Malden, Mass., annexed the N. E. middleweight title by defeating Rudy Marshall, of Connecticut, its holder, in a 10-round bout fought in Holyoke, Mass. The win put Conrad way out in front and he was going fine—but last month, he fought Marshall again in Stamford, Conn., and when it was over, Rudy had his title back.

Tony Shucco, of Boston, N. E. light-heavy champion, frequently favorably mentioned in the column, registered a cleancut win over Maxie Rosenbloom, the holder of the light-heavy title in a 10-rounder at West Springfield, Mass. On the same card, Link Merloni, of Framingham, a former amateur middle-weight champion, stopped George Koontz, of New York, in three rounds, the result marking the Victor's third straight K. O. win since turning "pro."

Harry Allen and Al Minnehan, rival Brockton, Mass., light-heavies, were the principals in the first open-air show of the Highland A. A. of that city. Allen, due to his greater experience, came through with the victory.

Early in the month Al Grayson, the Boston light-heavy, who when not boxing, is an actor, artist and instructor in drawing, took on "Dynamite" Dan Martin, the heavyweight pride of Dover, N. H., in the latter's home city. Dan had plenty of T. N. T., but failed to land much of it on Grayson. The latter "copped" a fairly easy win.

Charley Miller, the Maine guide, with excellent training camps at Moosehead Lake, Greenville, Me., is singing the praises of Al McCoy, the Waterville, Me., claimant of the welter title of that state. The sports writers have joined with Miller in declaring that McCoy is without doubt the best-looking prospect turned out in the Pine Tree State since the days of Mike Daley, an old-timer who could fight. During the winter Miller was promoting boxing shows in Bangor, Me., and had plenty of chance to look 'em over. Charley is a fine fellow with a horde of friends.

Not so long ago we had a newspaper contention with several boxing followers who declared that a ringster could not legally be counted out while standing on his feet inside the ropes. To prove that such was possible, we quoted several cases, particularly the Wolgast-Nelson fight when the latter lost his lightweight title. While the controversy was on, we had an illustration right here in Boston. A few weeks ago at the Boston Arena Steve Chappie, a prelim boy, was winged to the throat—square on the apple. He sagged into the ropes—was helpless for the time—but did not go down. Both feet were squarely on the canvas. Technically, he was in the fight. However, the referee counted him out while he leaned against the ropes, the award foing to Vic Darr, of Westerly, R. I.

Johnny Harko, of Manchester, N. H., claimant of the N. E. feather title as the result of a long list of wins, came through with another at Keene, N. H., when he defeated Jimmy Knight, of Philadelphia.

Lou Brouillard, of Worcester, former welter champion, got back to the wars at Woonsocket, R. I., where he disposed of Harry Kid Wallace, of Philadelphia, in two rounds. There wasn't much to it. Brouillard is warming up for a fight in Boston with King Tut, providing, of course, the match can be made.

According to a Boston heavy, who recently figured as a sparring partner in a New York State camp, there is not very much money in such a job. He was offered $90 for a week's work, and accepted. He filled the bill and at the end of the engagement was paid the $90. All fine, so far. The chap who got him the job then collected $30 for the service, while his own manager collected another $30 just because he was his manager. The sparring partner had to pay his own expenses out of the remaining $30. He arrived back in Boston with $18.

Paul Bowser, the mat promoter, was given a testimonial reception and banquet in a Boston hotel and it went over very big. More than 400 state and city notables, business and professional men, attended the affair. Governor Ely and Mayor Curley, of Boston, headed the committee. The event was the first of its kind tendered a wrestling promoter in Boston in many years.

Reports that Billy Ames, matchmaker at the Boston Garden, was to resign his post, have been denied by Garden directors, also by Ames himself.

Paris Apice, of Providence, R. I., stopped Tony Maderios, of Taunton, in nine rounds in the feature in the Mark Stadium at Tiverton, R. I., but a week later was beaten by Pancho Villa, of New Bedford, in the latter city. Villa is the chap who put one across on Sammy Fuller last winter.

At New Bedford—Eddie Holmes, the Providence lightweight, was the winner over Darcy White, of that city in a wild 10-round melee.

Vernon Cormier, of Worcester, ordinarily a very good ringster in the feather division, and Harry Sankey, of New York, slipped so badly in New London, Conn., that the referee tossed 'em both out of the ring.

Norman Conrad, of Wilton, whom we have mentioned several times, took on Frankie O'Brien, of Connecticut at West Springfield, this state, early in the month, and was returned the winner at the end of 10 rounds. Victor Lotti, of Marlboro, was defeated in eight rounds by Fred Haverlak, of New York on the same card.

Buster Price, of Lynn, a very good-looking performer in the middle-weight division, had the luck to hold Joe Zelinsky, of Winthrop, Mass., to a 12-round draw in Portland, Me., the latter part of May. It was a rather slow fight as both men had plenty of respect for each other.

That often-used term—"technical knockout"—which doesn't mean anything, again came into the prints the first of the month. In a Salem, Mass., ring, Ad Zachow, of Dover, N. H., had so much the better of Mickey Bishop, of Stoughton, that the latter refused to come out for the ninth round. Of course, he lost, and lost by a kayo, but it was set forth as "technical knockout."

Oddone Piazza and Victorio Livan, the Italian ringsters, who have been in the game here for a couple of years, have decided to "pull stakes," and chance it in Australia. It is to be doubted if they find the game enjoying a boom there.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

HAVANA passed a poor month in fisticuffs, and an idle summer season seems to be in store for local fandom. Louis Boey, manager of Tany Loayza, is here. He has with him Arthur Godoy known as "Brother Arthur," a good Chilean heavyweight with a K. O. wallop. Florencio Baeza, a corking Chilean welter, is also under his care. Baeza made his local debut by whipping Sonny Boy of Panama in a six rounder.

Fillo Echevarria before departing for Spain eeked out a ten round decision over Kid Montana, the little champion from Peru. Manolo Alvarez scored a one round knockout over Kid Recalt, and Joe Coego outpointed Joquin Torres in a dull six round contest.

Jose Diaz Canseco, bantam, who also left for Spain with Fillo Echevarria, looked great when he outpointed Marino Diaz.

Castor Fernandez is in the limelight again through his victory over Kid Calixto. Kid Aguiar won from Kid Molina on a two round foul contest and Joaquin Jorge whipped Kid Champagin Sport.

Prudencio Arce drew in six rounds with Mario Jimenez. Young Uzcudun outpointed Kid Belm in four rounds.

Antonio Horas made his initial appearance and outpointed Martin Perez, the "Terrible Cook." Kid Barcelona lost a close decision to Valentin Pedroso.

Tommy Barredo is now in New York. The little Cuban "Harry Greb" will make many friends as he is a great crowd pleaser. He's always in action.

Julio Recio came from behind to win a great battle from Rafael Valdes, the sterling flyweight boxer. Frank de la Vega scored a one round kayo over Jesus Lopez.

Jess Losada is back on the job. He was in the hospital for a few weeks.

Fillo Garza, bantam, is a good amateur boxer. He has won all his fights to date. Frederico Malibran went to Spain with Manolo Brana for several bouts. Malibran has a victory over Mateo La Osa, Spanish heavy.

Manolo Farina, fight manager, has gone to Spain for a visit to his folks.

Joe Arguelles is in training again. Joe is one of the niftiest boys around town.

Henry Santos is in great form now, and should make a hit any place he performs.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM EUROPE
By TED BROADRIBB

THE biggest pugilistic event that England has had in some years was staged when Larry Gains, Canadian Negro, scored a decisive victory over Primo Carnera, Giant Italian, in their now history battle. Gains had the sympathy of the fans applauding every one of his efforts and this spurred him on to greater efforts.

Carnera's over-confidence and ego was responsible more than anything for his overwhelming defeat. Every one of Carnera's victories was gained with a great deal of gusto and Primo expected Gains to fall down with the first blow cut loose.

Larry fought a smart, cool battle and took advantage of every one of Primo's missteps. He countered nicely and occasionally came through with a rally that came as a complete surprise to Carnera. The defeat will do Carnera more good than harm and make him come to the realization that he is only human after all.

The paid admissions reached a total of close to 41,000 persons and they drew slightly over 8,000 pounds English sterling. There is considerable talk of the winner of Schmeling and Sharkey meeting Gains somewhere in Europe and this great promotion could only be promoted by the one and only Jeff Dickson.

Dave Lumiansky, the hatless fight manager, is still roaming Europe escorting the great bantamweight champion, Al Brown. Brown is one of the greatest of all time bantamweights and proves his greatness in occasions when he steps out to clash with featherweights and occasionally lightweights. Brown and Nel Tarleton fought a hectic battle recently which was called a draw.

Al Brown kept up his good work by stopping Luigi Quadrini in six rounds and followed up with a clean cut victory over Eugene Huat in Paris.

Walter Neusel and Willie Unwin engaged in the best scrap of the evening in one of the prelims to Carnera and Gains. Neusel, a German, won the decision over the South African. It was punch for punch all the way.

The latest middleweight sensation to spring into notice is Jack Casey, 22-year-old boy from Sunder and County, Durham. He is termed "Cast Iron Casey" and in 212 bouts has only been floored once. His last two conflicts were staged against Marcel Thil and Len Harvey.

The British Board of Boxing Control has definitely decided against the no foul ruling and the same policy as heretofore will be continued—that is—when a fighter is fouled that his opponent be disqualified. The no foul ruling has been worked with great success in the United States and it has entirely dispensed with the feeble cry of foul from those faint-hearted gladiators who want to take the easy way out.

Jackie Kid Berg has proved the fallacy of the claim by being hit low in almost every important engagement yet is able to come through and invariably whip his man. A game fighter will refuse to accept a foul victory and will go on regardless of the hurts for the moment.

George Aziz, Egyptian flyweight champion, went to Italy to take over the Italian flyweight champion, Savo, in a good scrap and returned to London seeking more battles. This boy is a good crowd pleaser.

While the world's heavyweight championship rests in other hands. Pierre Charles, of Belgium, rules as the heavyweight leader of Europe. He clinched the right to the title by defeating Hein Muller in Brussels before 12,000 people.

Don Corkindale, the South American, evened matters for a previous defeat at the hands of Maurice Griselle by registering a technical knockout in three rounds in their return go. Griselle was on the receiving end of a terrific lacing when the referee called a halt.

The German heavyweight, Hans Shoenrath, was hammered into submission by Primo Carnera within three rounds in a bout which was held at Milan, Italy.

Valentin Angelmann, who gave Frankie Genaro a hard fifteen-round fight last fall in Paris, beat a youngster named Praxyle Gyde in a ten-round contest at the Salle Wagram arena. Gyde is a comer. He can make the weight without much trouble, and with a little more experience he is going to be a hard flyweight to defeat. Suey Welsh who sat at the ringside, said he would like to take Gyde to America. "He'll make a great fighter," said Suey.

In the supporting bout, heavyweights Bianchi of Argentine, making his Paris debut, defeated Forgeon of France by a knockout in the third round.

At a Salle Wagram entertainment bantamweight Sochet defeated Zito in a spirited contest over six rounds, welterweights Preys and Pinson went the same distance to a draw, and lightweights Vicz and Delays put up an eight-round contest which was won by Vicz on points.

Promoter Jeff Dickson as usual has closed his Salle Wagram arena for the summer months. Dickson will leave Paris early in July and go to Los Angeles to attend the Olympic Games. During his visit to the States Dickson may sign up some talent for his European promotions starting next fall in France, England, Germany, Belgium and Spain.

Walter Neusel, the German heavyweight, defeated Willie Unwin of Cape Town in a ten-round bout held at Jeff Dickson's London entertainment. Neusel is a comer.

Tommy Noble, of England, who at one time was one of the best featherweight boxers of the world, bantamweight champion of Great Britain, winner of the Tex Rickard diamond belt in New York, a Lonsdale belt-holder and who, in his eleven years of boxing, made over $300,000, is now dead broke. Tommy on Derby Day was at Epsom Downs trying to earn a few coppers standing beside a gramophone, changing popular records from time to time.

BOXING IN MEXICO
By CARLOS VERA

BOXING is going good again in Mexico. Promoter Jimmie Fitten has been putting over some fine shows at the Arena Nacional. He scored signal successes with his last three shows featuring Sandy Casanova, the classy Mexican light-heavyweight contender, against Goyito Rico, Chuck Burns and Pepe Gonzalez, respectively.

Young Casanova, Mexican flyweight sensation, scored a four-round kayo over "Cat" Perez.

Kid Azteca easily beat Luis Arizona who previously kayoed Bert Colima in one round.

The feature event of the month was the bout between Sandy Casanova, light-heavyweight champion of Mexico and Goyito Rico, heavyweight champion of Cuba, staged at "The Toreo". More than 15,000 spectators saw Sandy beat Rico.

Carlos Garcia, The Mexican Flash, won a ten-round decision from Pete Ortega. Young Casanova easily defeated Carlos Ibarra in eight rounds.

In a heavyweight card at the Arena Nacional Sandy Casanova kayoed Chuck Burns in eight. José Gonzalez, local heavyweight, stopped Franz Nussgen, German, two. Juan Rodriguez, feather, whipped Marcial Zabala in ten. Pedro Villanueva defeated Kid Pancho.

At Guanajuato—Angel Kid Sanchez, middleweight, defeated Amador Carballido. At San Luis—Alf Ross stopped Manuel Cermeño in seven. Fidel Carmona beat Chato Lopez in ten. Carlos Pavon stopped Hermenejildo Glez in one. Tony Urdapilleta whipped Francisco Villa, ten.

At Yucatan—Ricardo Manzanillo defeated Santos Rosas, and Battling Chico kayoed Kid Triana in three.

Good fighters seeking bouts in Mexico should get in touch with the writer at Cuauhtemotzin 257. Mexico. D. F.

AUSTRALIAN BOXING AND BOXERS
By JAMES J. MANNION

HUGH D. McINTOSH is on the job again. And I'll tell the world he had a wow of a kick-off with the Delaney-Blay lightweight championship tilt. Twelve thousand fans "coughed up" over £1,400 ($7,000) to see the conclusion of the old, old argument between Delaney and his persistent challenger. It was a great fight. Delaney was too strong and too good, and completely outfough the amazingly gritty Victorian to retain the title.

McIntosh has chosen "The Australazian Sporting Club," as the name of his new promoting organization. It is modelled on N. S. C. (London), and Madison Square Garden lines, with Earl Beauchamp as President. There is a long line-up of potential importations, and first-class local bouts are being arranged, pending the arrival of overseas talent.

The Leichhardt Stadium fans saw Rus Critcher outclassed by the master boxer, Jack Carroll. Critcher, the welter champ, is a good lad, but he's a long way short of Carroll's class.

Billy McAlister, bantamweight titleholder, was extended by Herb Bishop, but got the decision There is an impression in some quarters that McAlister had forfeited his title owing to his inability to make the weight. But William says it's not so.

Believe it or not, but there actually is a movement afoot to revive boxing in South Australia. Jim Stanworth and R. G. Towler intend to promote regular cards this winter, if sufficient support is given by the public. Their first programme was staged at Port Adelaide. In the main event Ray Lynch (10.5) outpointed Bert Cossack (9.12) in ten rounds.

Les Ferris defeated Taffy Jones in a hard-fought ten-rounder at Richmond. (Vic.) Ferris, who is bantam champion of Victoria, is anxious to have a crack at McAlister's Australian title. Les is thinking of giving England or the U. S. the once-over, and is looking for a good manager on the other side.

Cyril Pluto scored a brilliant T. K. O. in 15 rounds at the expense of a former South Australian boy, Ernie Molde, at Wilura, W. A. Cyril's father (Joe Pluto), was a top dog in boxing in the old days, and the present Pluto is a good chip off the old block . . . Other West Australian results . . . Arthur Deans outpointed Syda Buttle, in 15 rounds . . . Danny Ryan outclassed Nick Cunningham, and won per T. K. O. in the thirteenth . . . a W. A. heavyweight title affair was won by George Singleton (holder) from Les Bowtell, on points . . . Kid McLure lost on a T. K. O. to Tommy Bryant in five . . . Jack Poat and Johnny Doran drew in ten.

Johnny Bourke, a rising star, won on points when he met Jack Fitzgerald in a Leichhardt mill.

The Victorian State lightweight crown was hung up for the Ron Negus-Eddie Myers scrap. But it did not change hands, as Negus was too good for the challenger.

Wally Hancock knocked out Jack Heeney, of New Zealand, in the second. It's like old times to see Wally doing things.

Aboriginal Ron Richards (11.2), is causing quite a stir up in Queensland. He fought Buxton Oliver to a standstill before their bout had gone five rounds, and scored his fifth consecutive Brisbane win when he knocked out Wally Maher in the second round at the Bohemia Stadium. Richards is already being hailed as the best middleweight unearthed for years in Queensland.

I did not know a sea trip and a change of scene and climate could alter a bloke's name and nationality. But "the wise are always learning." And they do tell me that "Australian" Jack Kilbourne, at present on a run of good luck in the U. S., is none other than our old friend "American" Herman Bundren. Well, I guess Amos 'n' Andy would say: "Ain't dat sumptin'!"

Newcastle fans saw a great mill when Norman Foster dropped a 12-round point's decision to Togo Robinson.

PHILIPPINE TYPHOONS
By CONRADO MATA

MANILA: Kid Moro, former light and welterweight champion of the Orient, regained the lightweight crown when he decisively defeated Ignacio Fernandez after 12 furious rounds. Cunning Nene, Cebu, drew with Young Obsiman, Cavite.

Joe Mosquindo, leading bantam, lost by a wide margin to Joe Eagle, Visayan champion, in ten. Young Dumaguilas, Cavite champ, bested Little Abayan. Both are leading flyweights. Kid Pazaña decisioned Little Samson.

Clever Sison, featherweight champ, won by a T. K. O. in the third, from Angel DeLa Cruiz, at Cabanatuan, N. Ecija. "Handsome" Al Cunan welter, won a foul against Jack Busio, in the third

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Cris Pineda was operated on for appendicitis.

Geo. Cook, heavyweight champion of Australia and Rig Cameron, flyweight, bantamweight, and featherweight title holder of Queensland are here for bouts.

Who is Who in the Philippines: Flyweight, title vacant—Pablo Daño, Young Dumaguilas: Bantamweight: title vacant—Pablo Daño, Cris Pineda, Y. Dumaguilas, Joe Eagle. Featherweight: Clever Sison (champ)—Lew Pasion, Joe Velasco. Lightweight: Kid Moro, (champ)—Ignacio Fernandez, Kid Vicente. Welterweight: I. Fernandez, (champ)—Kid Moro, F. Malinao, M. Adriano. (Light-heavyweight) title vacant—Young Uzcudun, Young Schmelling and Jake Incoccia, (U. S. S. Black Hawk), Carlos Logan.

Colonel Andreas, owner of the Manila Open Air Boxing Club, is putting back the boxing game here to its former position.

GUS MARTEL DARES TO SEND HIS FULL COPYRIGHTED COURSE ON APPROVAL. SEE PAGE—43

THE RING IN PHILADELPHIA
By ROSS E. KAUFFMAN

MAKING his first appearance in a Philadelphia ring in almost nine years, Benny Leonard, former world's lightweight champion, gained an easy ten round decision over Billy Angelo of Leiperville at the Phillies' Ball Park before a crowd of 10,000 fans.

Leonard, weighing 149½, gave a masterful exhibition of boxing and defense without really exerting himself to any great extent. Angelo has fought many better fights and gave the crowd the impression he was earning his sizeable purse in the easiest manner possible. The show was promoted by Lew Tendler, former southpaw lightweight who gave Leonard two of his greatest fights more than a decade ago. Kid Chocolate, junior lightweight champion, made a punching bag of Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich; in the windup, which followed the Leonard-Angelo bout. In fairness to Bernard, he was always trying and got inside frequently to give and take many hard punches.

Young Joe Firpo of Pennsgrove, N. J., gained a ten round decision over Buster Brown of Baltimore at the Phils' Park. This was almost a repetition of their previous meeting in Camden, when they battled to a draw. This time Firpo landed the cleaner blows and had more stamina.

Tony Canzoneri and Johnny Jadick will display their wares in a ten round windup at the Phils' Ball Park the middle of the summer.

Charles R. Crosta, who boxed in and around Philadelphia about twenty years ago, died in the Atlantic City hospital recently.

Billy Burns, now handling the veteran Vincent Forgione, also has Morris Gross, a lightweight and Elmer Bezenah, middleweight, in tow.

Ernie Caesar of Phillie took a trip to Atlantic City, and was defeated by Patsy Wallace, of the shore, in eight rounds. Joe Foggoletti of the Quaker City, had better luck by gaining the eight round decision over (Baby Face) Billy Cramer of Millville. In the other bouts Joe Terry, Philadelphia, stopped Al Passon, Phillie, in the fourth round; Cuban Henry Taylor, Philadelphia, knocked out Al Edwards, Atlantic City, in the fourth round and Sammy Nebo beat Jack Higgins in four rounds.

Benny Bass punched out a ten-round victory over Harry Dublinsky of Chicago in the open air show at the West Philadelphia Arena. The bout was close but Bass came along with a rush and earned the verdict. Tony Falco, promising young Philadelphia lightweight, defeated Pat Igo, of Shenandoah, in a ten-round semi-windup.

Tommy Rios, of Wilmington, who formerly fought in Chicago, and Billy Ketchell, Millville, N. J., battled hammer and tongs in a ten-round sizzler at the Arena with Ketchell winning. It was one of the best bouts seen in Phillie in years. They are middleweights.

Tony Caragliano of New York was no match for Eddie Cool of Tacony, the latter scoring a technical knockout in the fifth round.

Jimmy Mack, Philadelphia featherweight, outfought Sid Lampe of Paterson in the eight-round windup at Atlantic City. The semi windup saw Harry Little of Philadelphia drop a close eight round decision to Irish Benny Cohen.

Matchmaker Pete Tryell of the Arena had figured on a windup between Tony Canzoneri and Eddie Cool at the outdoor West Philadelphia ring but Tony injured his shoulder in knocking out Battling Gizzy in Pittsburgh and the Arena had to call it off.

Sammy Tribett, Darby Creek 190 pounder, has developed quite a knockout punch since turning professional. He is only twenty-three years old.

PITTSBURGH GOSSIP
BY WILLIAM PIKOR

TONY CANZONERI, world's lightweight champion, won from Battling Gizzy at Meyers Bowl by the knockout route. Gizzy fell through the ropes during the fifth round and was unable to continue. Charley Massera disposed of Jack Kearns, West Virginia heavy, while Jack Kilbourne, lanky Chicago middleweight, knocked out Harry Harris in the first round of a special bout staged following the main event.

Jules Beck presented attempting card for the inaugural show at Greenlee Field. In four bouts, each listed for ten rounds, Maxey Rosenbloom, world's champion light-heavy, trounced Larry Johnson; Ray Miller lambasted Johnny Datto; Paul Pirrone knocked out Henry Goldberg and Jimmy Belmont bested Billy Holt. The Pirrone-Goldberg affair—the only bout that failed to go the limit, opened the show.

A variety program at Meyers Bowl saw Midget Wolgast, world's flyweight champion, take an easy ten-round decision over Tony Marino, local 116-pounder. Tony Herrera, making his debut as a welterweight, decisioned Eddie (Kid) Wolfe in ten rounds. In the opening bout scheduled for ten rounds Marty Gornick, local 140-pounder, kayoed Ray Collins, Erie fighter, in the third session. The final bout on the card witnessed Jack Kilbourne on the losing end of a ten-round battle with Angel Civille. Kilbourne was floored twice.

Billy Petrolle, the Fargo Express, showed at Greenlee Field against Tommy Grogan. Petrolle won as he pleased over the Omaha vet.

Buck McTiernan and Jack Wilson opened the outdoor campaign at Hickey Park Bowl, Millvale. McTiernan won in a great fight. However, Buck engaged Tommy Freeman in another Hickey Park headliner and Freeman won every round. Johnny Jadick appeared at the Millvale arena against Herman Follins over whom Jadick won easily in ten rounds. Davey Grove, Pittsburgh welterweight, got a ten-round draw with Pauline Walker of New Jersey at Hickey Park.

Johnny Riske has turned professional. He was the district amateur middleweight champion. Jimmy Thomas of Pittsburgh gave Pete Sanstol a tough fight in Canada. The last of the five Zivic brothers, Eddie and Fritz, are making good in the professional ranks. They are former simon-pure stars. George Panka, Pittsburgh heavy, may box Johnny Risko, Paulino or King Levinsky this summer. Jimmy Belmont regained lost prestige by beating Marty McHale and Billy Holt. Teddy Yarosz was all set to meet Champion Jackie Fields when the champ announced he could not fulfill the engagement due to impaired vision.

Lee Sala, rugged Donora middleweight, defeated Anson Green in a hectic eight-round bout at Hickey Park Bowl for the right to box Tommy Freeman. In other bouts on the card Jackie Wilson defeated Johnny Cataline; Sunny Jim McVey kayoed Tiger Joe West and Frank Nevak bested Jack Kearns.

Send news and photographs for publication in THE RING to the scribe at Donora, Penna.

EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA
By TED GRESS

WARM weather brought back boxing to this section, and with everyone pulling together, it is possible for promoters, fighters and managers each to make their share.

Allentown, with Jimmy Cassone doing the matchmaking, offered Maxie Rosenbloom and Sam Weiss, Nazareth light-heavy, and Lancaster, with Leo Houck at the helm, presented Johnny Chiodo, Johnstown, feather, and Steve Smith, veteran slugger.

Harrisburg may go soon with Tommy Liberto, York's sensational junior welterweight, paired against some leading scrapper. Efforts are being made to match him with Johnny Jadick, Young Firpo, or Benny Bass. Bill Reindel and Bill Granoff probably will hold the license.

Lancaster's first show was a bloomer, but things look better. In the windup, Rosey Stoy, Lancaster blond feather, found Davie Siddons offered little opposition, and won easily. Steve Nitchie took a close decision over Yo-yo Pete, and Young Landis outpointed Pat McCullen.

Art Feeser, Lebanon junior-welterweight, who has been training at the Pioneer gym, New York, was successful in his showings in New York armories.

Frank Hollister is running cheap-priced shows at Pittsville every week. Joe Ferraro, Palo Alto's lightweight, featured the first card, trouncing the veteran Red Saunders. Other bouts on the card resulted as follows: Wink Golden, Branchdale, knocked out Billy Lindes, one; Gene Wartman, Pottsville, scored a technical kayo over Frankie Carpency, St. Clair; Eddie Muldowney, Girardville, outpointed Christ Richards, Mahanoy City; Frank Gerace, Palo Alto, drew with Mickey Dunn, Schoentown; and Georgie Stank, Schuylkill Haven, registered a technical knock out over Leo Meade, Port Garbon, one.

Results of the second card were: Mike Lucas, Branchdale, knocked out Billy Rogers, Mahanoy Plane, one; Jack Labaraba, New Phila., stopped Wink Golden, Branchdale, three; "Sonny" Cochrane, Pottsville, was kayoed by Pogy Gerace, Palo Alto, in one; Young Muldowney, Girardville, kayoed Chet Richards, Mahanoy City, four; Young Super Smith, Pottsville, stopped Kid Similonis, Girardville, three.

Danny Dern, East Lebanon welter, is recovering from an operation.

Bill Leinenbach, popular handler of coal region fighters, not only is a smart manager, but is quite a wing shot.

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IN AND NEAR CHICAGO
By FRANK MAESTRO

THE biggest amateur boxing show ever staged anywhere has been held here. The bouts were to bring together the champions of Germany and the titleholders of Chicagoland at Soldiers' Field. The match was the second of the international series. Last year 40,000, boxing's largest crowd in 1931, saw a combined Chicago-New York team whip the representatives of France in the lake front arena.

Forty-six thousand seats were reserved for the German matches, ticket prices ranging from 50 cents to three dollars. But thousands of unreserved seats were placed on sale the day of the contests. Arch Ward, sports editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, who was the brainchild of international competition annually, has announced that approximately 60,000 persons paid about $50,000 to see the show. It was the first time Golden Gloves bouts have been presented to reserved seat customers for 50 cents.

The American team was as follows: Duffy Dvonch, heavyweight; Vernon Miller, light heavyweight; Tony Sutton, middleweight; Johnny Phagan, welterweight; Henry Rothier, lightweight; Leo Rodak, featherweight; Johnny Baltzer, bantamweight; Frankie Sanello, flyweight.

Arch Ward has done much for sports in this section. Aside from Golden Gloves, Silver Skates, swim meets and other outstanding promotions by the Chicago *Tribune*, probably one of Ward's biggest successes was the charity baseball game between the Sox and Cubs during the regular season of play list summer. The game netted thousands of dollars to the needy.

Sammy Goldman, manager of Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, has signed to pilot Nick Scialaba, holder of seven amateur titles and victor in over 100 amateur contests. Scialaba probably will not get any bigger than he is at present for he is 22 years of age. He is a natural bantamweight. Scialaba has championship possibilities and if he behaves himself, Goldman is almost certain to bring him within reach of a title in a year.

Some of this and a little of that—King Levinsky has built a delicatessen store at Halsted and Maxwell streets, in his fish market neighborhood . . . Pete Maltz, tailor at George Trafton's gymnasium, has been making clothes for men and women over 25 years . . . Izzy Kline, the little fellow who conditions boxers has traded in his automobile for a new one . . . Harry Dublinsky bought a suit at Lew Tendler's haberdashery store at Philadelphia.

Bud Saltis, north side middleweight, went to Minneapolis in a taxicab . . . George McDonough, a north side contractor, built a dandy little arena for amateur boxing at Ashland and Addison avenues . . . Grover Hayes, a leading lightweight 30 years ago, was living at 4721 Glenwood avenue . . . This was his first visit in Chicago in nine years . . . Tommy Grogan, Omaha junior-welterweight, will be a proud daddy this month . . . Mayor Anton J. Cermak, Joe McDonough, county treasurer; Albert J. Horan, chief bailiff; Patrick and Thomas Nash, owners of Burning Blaze, and Edward J. Kelly, member of the south park board, made the trip on Sammy Wolff's fight special to New York.

Barney Ross was stopped by a baseball bat during a game in Grant Park . . . Ross, who was catching, was hit above the right eye, the injury required three stitches . . . Tony Canzoneri, lightweight champion, has a new title . . . Upon presenting Tony to his audience at the Western Stadium, Western and Devon avenues, Pep Kerwin called him the New York fashion plate. . . . Sol Katz was appointed ticket manager for the West Side Boxing club, which has headquarters at 75 West Randolph street . . . Sammy Levine won his 37th match in 40 professional contests when he stopped Franklin Cheek of Milwaukee . . . Hecky Schuman, west side welterweight, was seconded by his younger brother, Solly, to a victory over Joe Meyers, Streator, Ill. . . . Meyers is no relation to Billy Meyers, the old Streator Cyclone.

Do you know that—Al Sweeney had Prince Saunders box Charley Croker, Lou Novarro, Mickey Duris and Tracey Cox in three weeks? . . . Eddie Shea seems always bruises his hands after a bout? . . . Sam Buxbaum has signed to manage Bob Hanson and Mike Turo, heavyweights? . . . Jackie Stewart, Louisville featherweight, has iron-gray hair? . . . He is 24 years old and the grayness started when he was 19. George Kerwin has started training at the Arcade gymnasium after an absence of eight months?

Larry Johnson, Roy Williams and Barney Abel were to sail on the steamship *Western World* for South America where Abel has contracted for a series of matches for the south side fighters? Bud Taylor, former bantamweight champion, now weighs 155 pounds and is a successful Terre Haute, Ind., promoter? Ray Miller, left hook artist, is to make his headquarters in Chicago this summer? Jack Sharkey, lightweight boxer, used to be a street car conductor? Sammy Goldman is making up a dandy stable? He has added Nick Scialaba, former international amateur champion, to the group, which includes Tony Canzoneri, Eddie (Kid) Wolfe, Joey Costa, Petey Gulotta and Maxie Pink.

Kid Stuhley, Kewanee, Ill., welterweight, is back in circulation after an extended vacation because of an injury to his hand, acquired against Kid Leonard at Davenport, Ia.? . . . Solly Dukelsky is undefeated since turning professional under the management of Jack Eile? . . . Paul (Pants) Pantaleo, former Tilden High School football player who is boxing as a heavyweight, has refereed at amateur shows? . . . Virgil Bemi turned professional under the management of Scott Marriner, father manager of Les Marriner? . . . Bemi has won his two pro bouts . . . Baxter Calmes, Ed Stevenson's heavyweight, has resumed training after a rest of several weeks because of an injury to his right hand? . . . Tony Canzoneri has grossed over $140,000 in 14 bouts in Chicago? . . . Harry Dubinsky earned only $7,500 in the same number of contests here?

Jack Dempsey paid $54,000 to renovate the Barbara hotel in Los Angeles. The former champion's brother, Joe Dempsey, has been appointed manager of the large hostelry. Jack has bought a beautiful home in Beverly Hills.

The Chicago open-air boxing season hits the half way mark this month, and Al Miller and Mique Malloy, say there is no reason to sign the blues.

"Our business has been better than we expected," Miller and Malloy said in unison. "We have operated at a profit so far, and that's something very few of the fight clubs in the country can boast of." The competition Miller's West Side Boxing club has encountered from Malloy's Southtown A. A. and vice versa, has been a healthy stimulant to the sport here. The fighting has been more interesting than ever before. Better battlers have been engaged. Nobody has been loafing.

Nate Lewis has said that if the Chicago Stadium holds any boxing shows this summer they will be staged at the huge west side building. The Stadium matchmaker said that the weather is too uncertain to hold shows outdoors and that the cooling system in the west side arena can be held at 75 degrees. The facilities for running indoors is better at the stadium.

Benny Leonard, former lightweight champion, and Myron (Pinky) Mitchell, ex-junior welterweight titleholder, may meet in an outdoor bout at Milwaukee this summer. The Arcadia Athletic association of Milwaukee is seeking the match. Al Tuso, president of the association, and Joe Kraus, the club's matchmaker, were in the loop with Pinky and his brother manager, Billy. Leonard is making a comeback in eastern rings. Pinky is ready to make his first start after three years of retirement. He has been training for the last six months.

Jackie Fields, welterweight champion, will start training at Los Angeles very shortly in defense of the title against Young Corbett of Fresno at San Francisco. The champion has been visiting his mother in Los Angeles following a sickness in Chicago. Despite the long idleness, Ray Alvis, manager of Fields, has said the champion will not engage in any tuneup bouts before meeting Corbett.

Jack Moran, Chicago middleweight, has been appointed boxing instructor at St. Maurier church by Rev. Albert Reisel. The south side church is a branch of the Catholic Youth organization and has 15 boxers.

Harry Dublinsky has had a physician examine his right eye, which has been damaged considerably in successive matches against Johnny Jadick, junior welterweight champion; Benny Bass, former 130-pound titleholder, and Tony Canzoneri, lightweight king. The eye closed tight in all three bouts. Following his 140-pound title match with Jadick at Philadelphia, Canzoneri was to start training for the defense of his championship against Billy Petrolle at New York.

Danny Spunt, former bantamweight fighter, is the father of a baby boy, seven pounds nine ounces. Mother and child are doing nicely.

Here and there—Joey Freeman, south side lightweight, is back under the management of Joe Heniff after an absence of three months . . . Felix Kolk, George Trafton's gymnasium boxing instructor, has been hired to train Sammy Levine, west side featherweight, and Danny Neenan, Golden Gloves lightweight runnerup . . . Harry Weiss manages Levine and Neenan . . . Kolk, who lives at 4105 West 25th street, trains business men . . . Among them is Edward Higgins, lawyer and aviator, who has taken off 26 pounds in sir weeks and is feeling better than ever before.

Fistic chips—Pat McCarthy, Jim Taylor, Gene Moretti, and Herb McGovern, Philadelphia boxers, were to join Jimmy Wilson in the loop . . . Mique Malloy, White City promoter, was to insure Les Marriner against injury before the former University of Illinois football player's ten-round battle with Charley Retzlaff of Duluth, Minn. . . . Marriner is compelled to fly several hours to keep his standing as an aviator . . . Les is 27 years old and single.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

EIGHTEEN thousand fans turned out to witness Major Harvey Miller's charity show at Griffith Stadium in Washington. The Twin City Arena under the direction of C. E. "Fats" Cornell got under way during the month with Maxie Rosenbloom slapping out a ten-round decision over Reds Barry. Freddie Haverlak of New York bested Don Whitlock in the eight round semi-final.

Benny Schwartz beat Antol Kocsis in the feature eight at Alexandria, Va.

Nick Antonelli, New York featherweight won easily over Al Martin in ten rounds at the Twin City Arena.

Ray Bowen scored a five-round technical knock out over Pete DeAngeles of Baltimore at the Twin City. Bowen is making a comeback in hopes of getting a return shot at Sammy Bruanstein who flattened him recently in one heat.

Sylvan Bass, Baltimore welterweight, fought the best fight of his career when he licked Ken Oberlin at Alexandria, Va.

Tootsie Bashara surprised his most ardent supporters when he won the decision over Phil Raymond at Virginia Beach. Brother Lew upheld the Raymond name by pasting Eddie Reed on the same show.

Bob Godwin and Cowboy Phelps had their bout at Portsmouth, Va., ruled no contest because of lack of action in the sixth round recently.

Frankie Fullam, New York middleweight, had an easy time with Walter Kirkwood at the Twin City Arena. Fullam showed wonderful boxing ability but plenty lack of punch.

Billy Landers, Norfolk, bantam beat Joe Fino in an eight-rounder at Portner's Arena in Alexandria, Va.

Ken Oberlin won over Spike Webb in an eight rounder at Virginia Beach.

Pickups:—Arthur Emmerson is still sticking to his guns with the Oasis Club at Portsmouth, Va., regardless of the depression. Boxing is still at a low ebb in Baltimore, Md. Young Van is the most promising preliminary boy to come up in these parts recently. Some of the good looking prelim boys are Billy Essinger, Roddy Davis, Buck Taylor, Doug Sweetman, Tommy Horn, and Billy Hooe. Ratings—Heavyweight Natie Brown—Reds Barry; Lightheavy—Bob Godwin; Middleweight—Sylvian Bass; Welterweight—Jackie Portney—Buster Brown; Lightweight—Tootsie Bashara—Lew Raymond; Featherweight—Nick Antonelli, Bantamweight—Benny Schwartz.

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Charles Grupp, Mgr